

PHOTOPLAY

20¢

JANUARY

**Marilyn
Monroe
tells
the truth
to
Hedda
Hopper**

SPECIAL:
What Hollywood
Is Whispering
About!

Debbie
Reynolds



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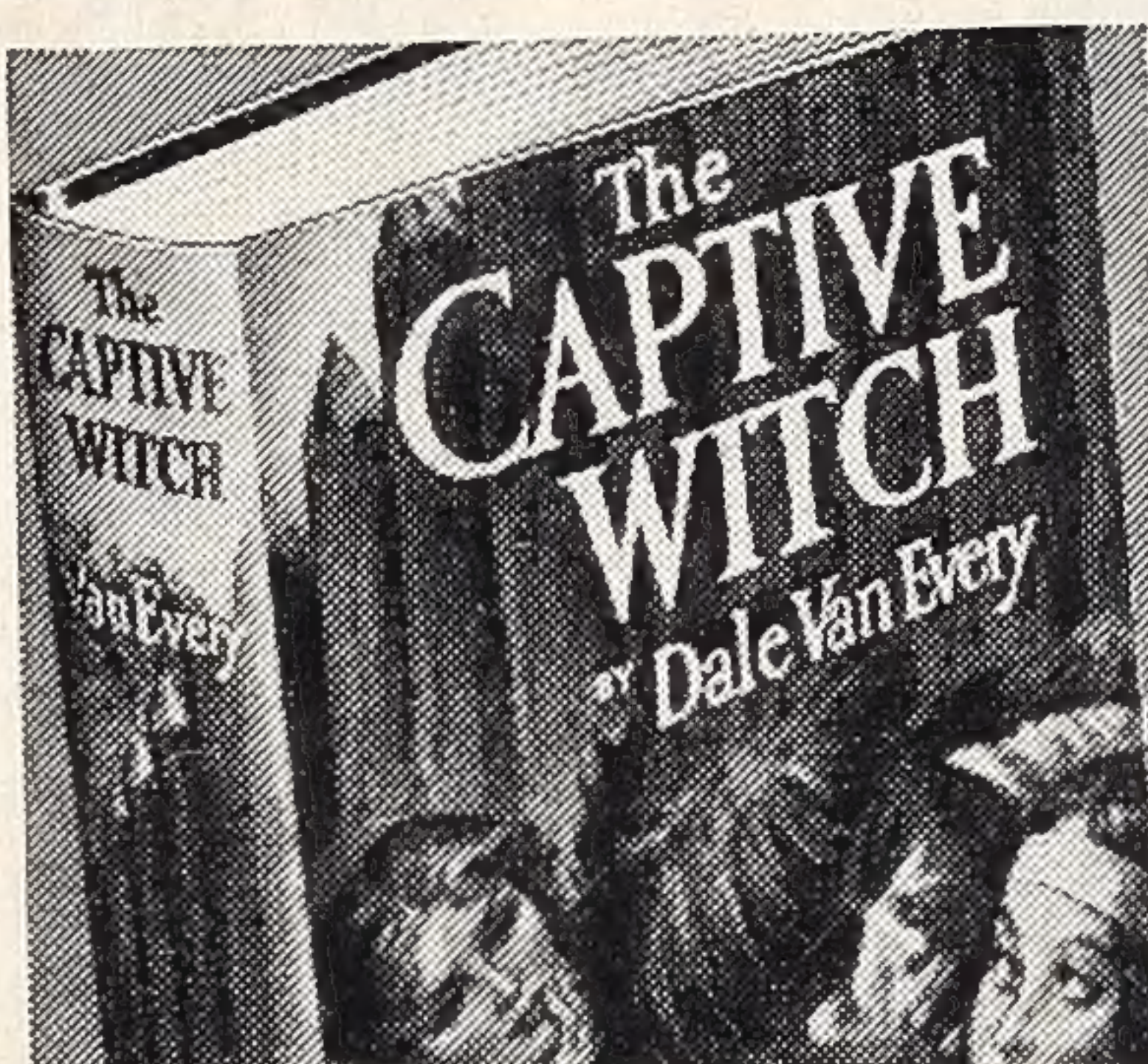
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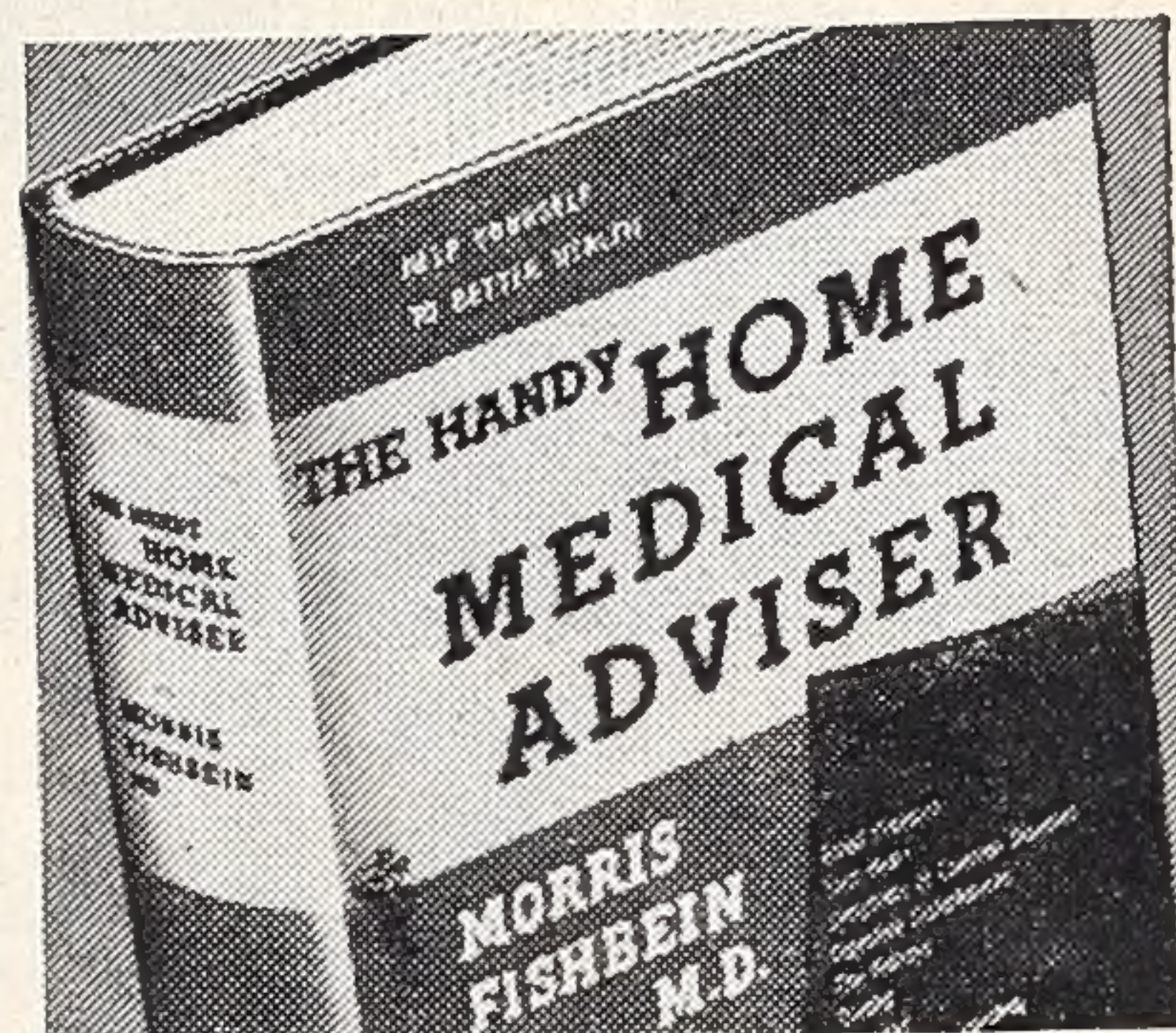


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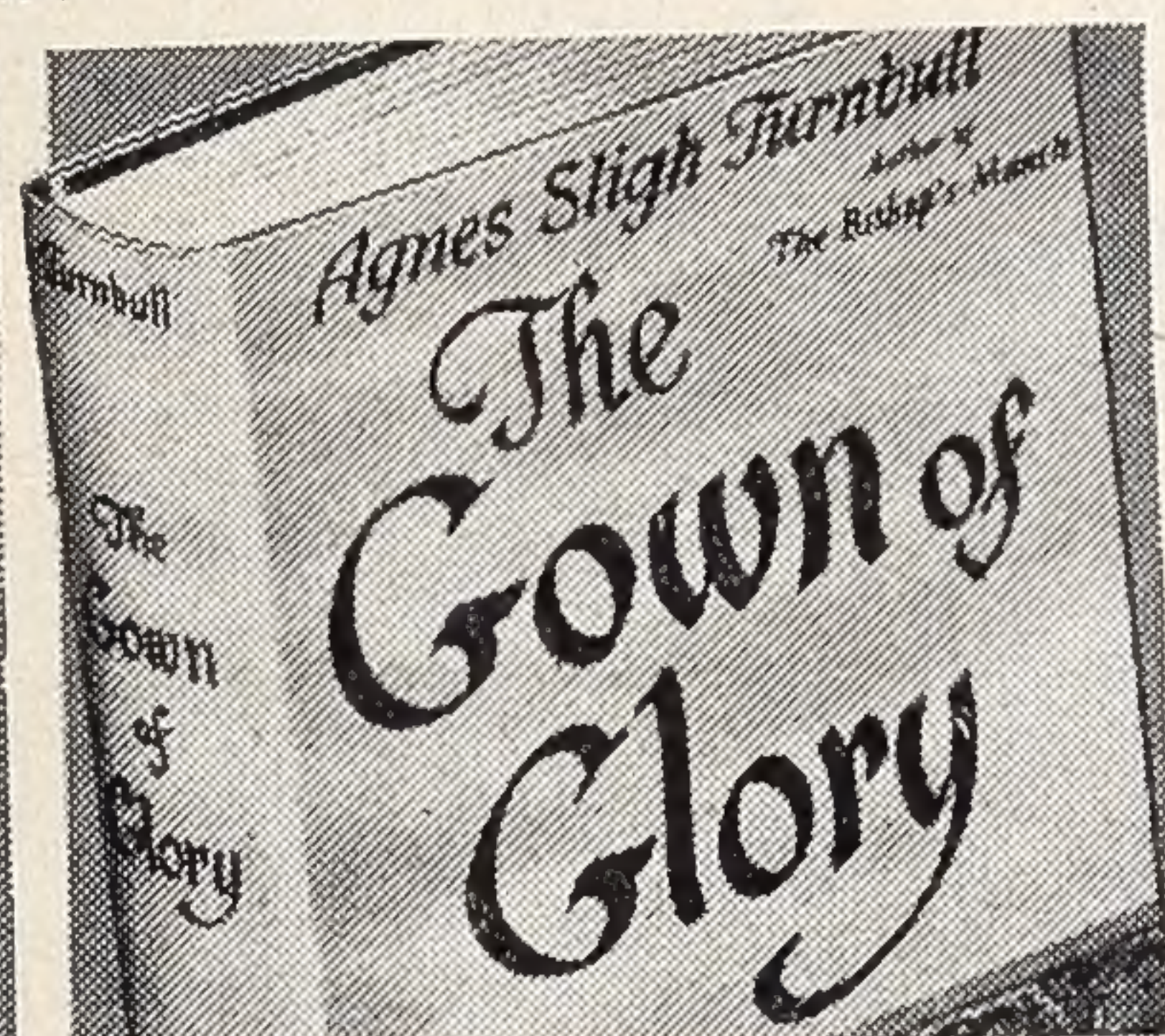
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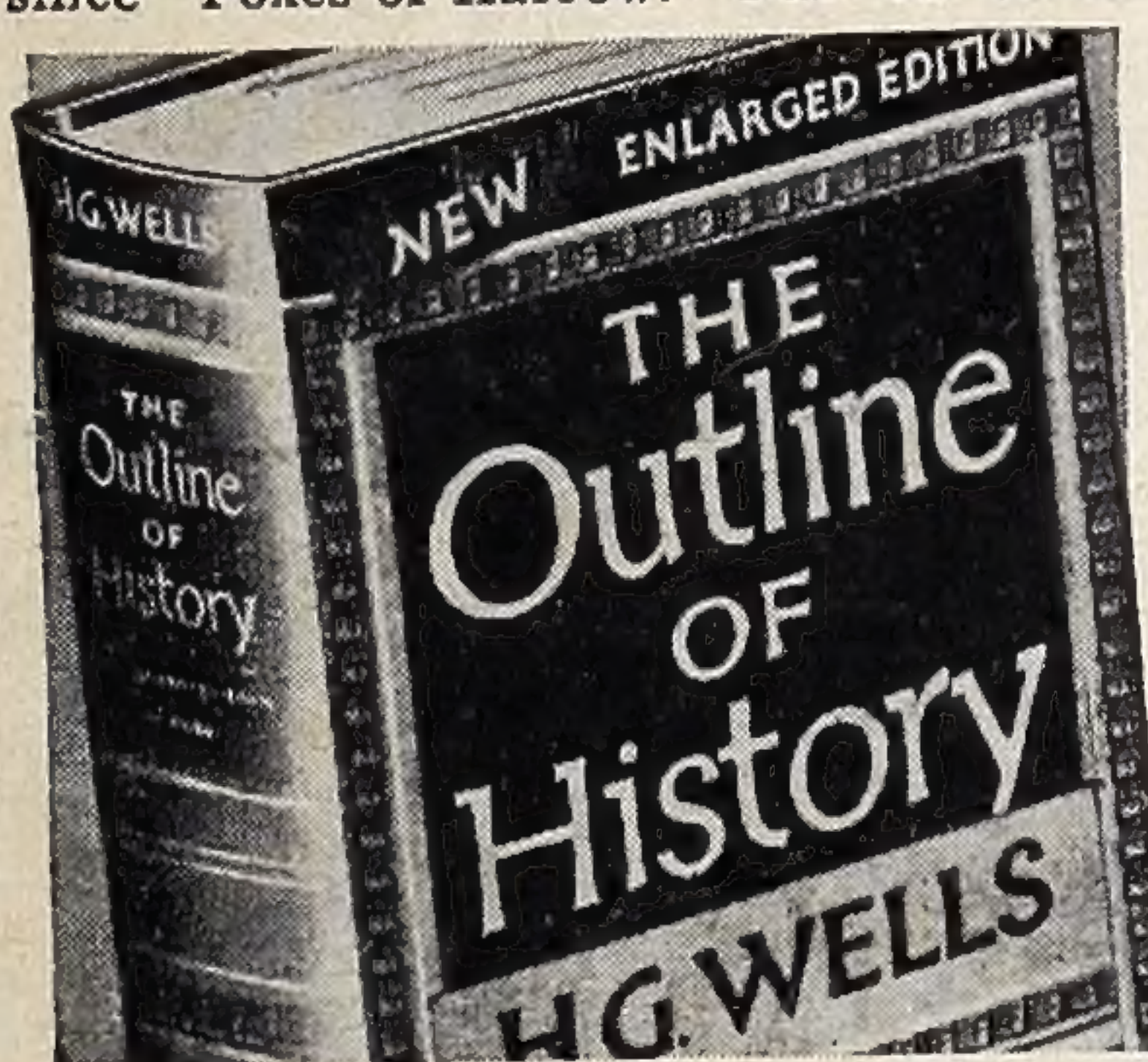
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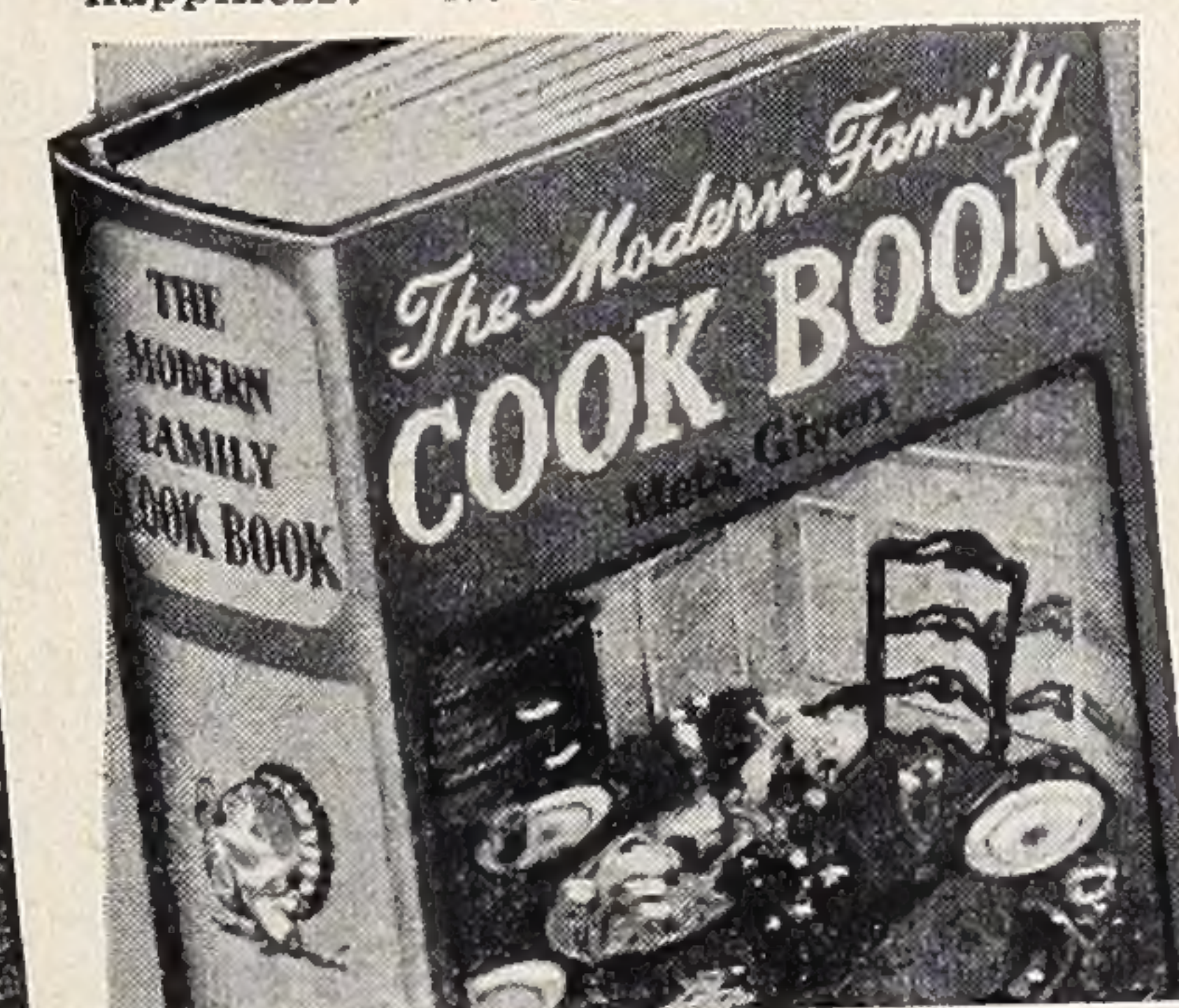
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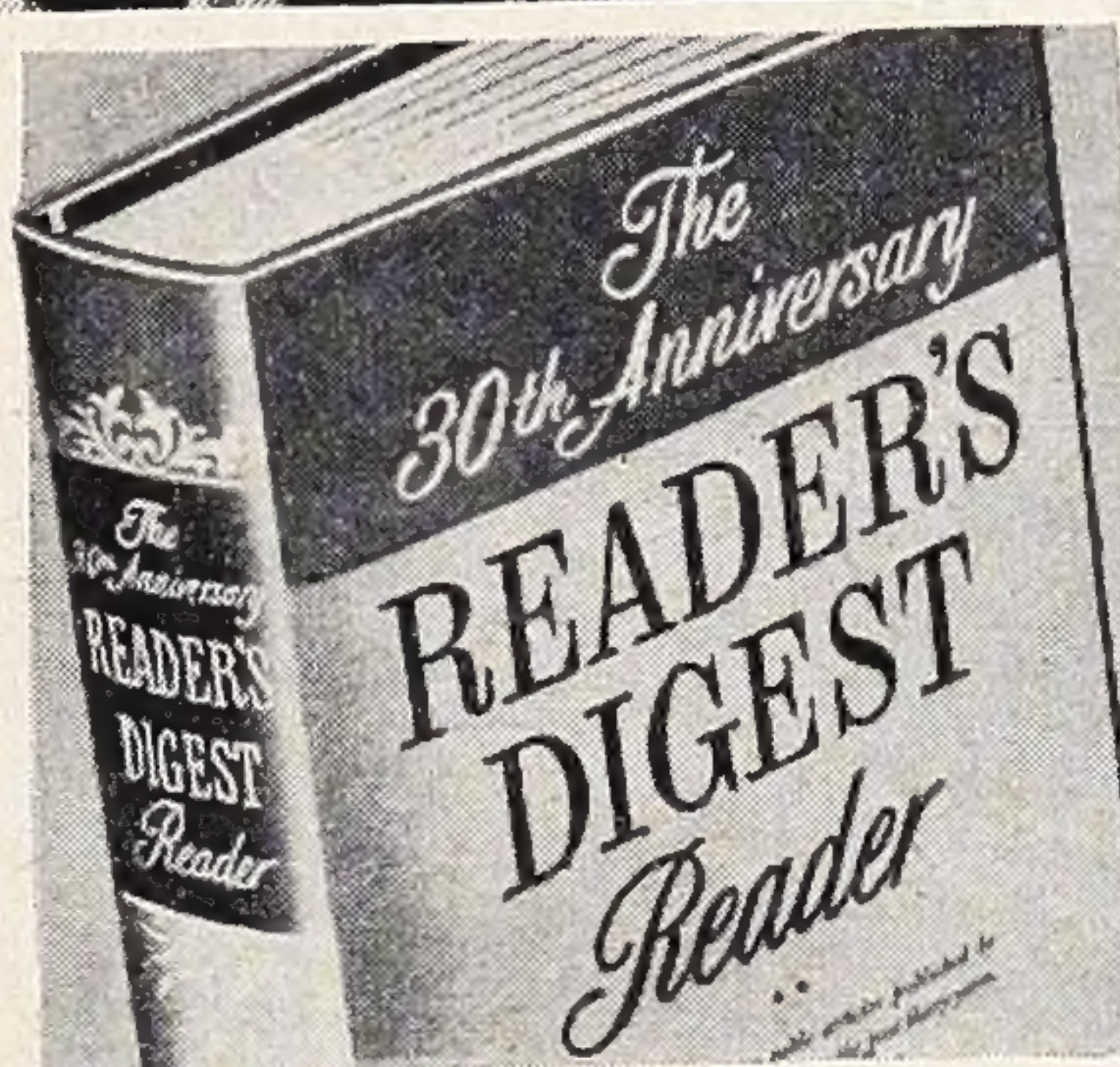
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CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS FOR 40 YEARS

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hollywood party line

by Edith Gwyn

NO USE STARTING OFF with a dissertation about dresses in general, when most of Hollywood is still gabbing about a certain party in particular and some of the super-duds paraded there. Of course, I'm speaking of that party Marion Davies tossed for Johnnie Ray and his bride. It was *the biggest thing!* I know you have heard scads about it, but there is still much to be told. Note, I said this shindig was the biggest thing—not necessarily the best. First let me tell you how a gal like Marion, who spent \$25,000 to entertain some six hundred glitter guests that night, went about making it the most colossal get-together Tinsel-town has seen in at least twenty years! Whether the *spirit* of the old-time galas was revived is a question. But many a wide-eyed newcomer had a chance to see how the big stars of yesteryear used to stage parties. Three rooms of the Davies mansion were done over to resemble New York's El Morocco and Stork Club, and Hollywood's Mocambo—with a different orchestra in each "cafe." An outdoor terrace, with a bar about "a mile long,"

was filled with small tables. These overlooked a big lily pond in which fountains spouted tinted water amid fancy lighting effects. Thousands of gardenias had been "pinned" to all the garden shrubs. The flowers throughout the house were breath-taking.



Revealing: Denise and Tab

of food. A Roman sarcophagus, that weighed over two tons, was filled with champagne; sixty extra servants were just some of the things that had even the most inveterate party-goers goggle-eyed. You could hardly name a star or starlet who wasn't there, all elegantly done up for the event.

The Filmtown dressmakers struck gold on the Davies soirée—because so many femmes decided they had to have a new gown for the affair. Don Loper alone, sold almost \$25,000 worth of gowns in the two weeks preceding it! One was to la Davies herself, a beautiful thing of white satin and lace, with which she wore a diamond and ruby necklace (about two inches wide) worth \$200,000. If these figures seem like telephone numbers, think nothing of it. They're *fer real!* Can't possibly list all the glamour gals present in fashion's best—so I'll just give a brief run-down on some of the standouts for beauty and style that eve. Ava Gardner, a knockout with her new short hair-do, in an ankle-length, strapless, black-net gown, its very full skirt highlighted with dangling gold discs the size of a quarter. . . . Esther Williams in a bouffant gown of gray and white tulle. . . . Mrs. Darryl Zanuck in a stunning dress of white taffeta, skin-tight, strapless, long-waisted, embroidered in vivid coral beads.

Joan Crawford came in a slim-skirted black gown, trimmed with jet beads—very décolleté, but featuring a diagonal, wide, black strap across one shoulder. . . . Janet Leigh in deep mauve net, billowing out to *there*. . . . Denise Darcel in black velvet cut so low, people wondered whether she was inside trying to get out—or outside trying to get in. . . . Lana Turner, luscious in a sweeping black chiffon beaded job. . . . Marge Champion in ballet-length yellow net, having trouble finding room to dance with her Gower. . . . Red Skelton putting on an hour's free show for laffing guests. . . . Gary Cooper, just back from Samoa, the Jeff Chandlers, the Charlton Hestons, the John Carrolls, the Jack Bennys, Anne Baxter and John Hodiak, Kathryn Grayson (in bright red), the Van Johnsons (Evie in heavily beaded rose velvet), Piper Laurie, the James Masons, Rhonda Fleming and her husband, Dr. Lew Morrill, Dinah Shore (in pink net with horsehair embroidery) and ever-lovin' George Montgomery, Debbie Reynolds, Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger—oh, heck! I could go on and on—but better wind this one up right now!



Redhead Rhonda Fleming and husband

The very next night, almost the same "cast" showed up for Johnnie Ray's opening at Ciro's—including Ginny Simms freshly made up with Bob Calhoun; Ursula Thiess, lovely in black velvet, twining with Bob Taylor at a table right next to Barbara Stanwyck's. Milton Berle beamed Barbara and Nancy Sinatra to the Weeper's bow. Things got really hectic when, within a week of these doings, a goodly bunch of Hollywood boys and gals dashed up to Las Vegas where Ray Bolger was the star attraction at the opening of the new Sahara Hotel. Among them were Donald O'Connor, Anne Bancroft (a new starlet at Twentieth), the Gordon MacRaes, the Gene Nelsons, Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman and lots more all whooping it up in the desert resort for a whooping three days. From the look of things at these parties, there is no doubt that your choice of dresses can encompass just about every line and silhouette. Gowns are long and short, slim and full, very *nekkidy* or with the newer "covered up" look, which can be even sexier than the bare, if the outfit is clingy and flatteringly cut, with added touches of glamour. Speaking of "added touches," Arlene Dahl was an eyeful at La Rue, dining in a floor-length gown of ivory crepe—with long sleeves that slipped on like gloves and her only trimming, long pendant earrings of gold and diamonds.

All the younger set and many besides showed up for Photoplay's cocktail party at the Beverly Hills Hotel, honoring its "Choose your Star" winners. Lori Nelson and Tab Hunter took their bows as top winners followed by all the others. Barbara Ruick, a real standout, wore a lovely flame-red net with a charming "added touch." On her left arm, almost at the shoulder, was a crushed band of net, covered with small, matching red flowers, giving the effect of one little sleeve. Keith Andes, another winner, talking to oh-so-beautiful, black-haired Ursula Thiess. . . . Saw Anne Francis later, her blonde beauty set off by a romantic cocktail-length gown with a scarlet velveteen bodice—quite long waisted and moulded to the figure, topping a bouffant skirt of matching net. . . . Linda Christian looked exotic in a gown dappled with metallic threads.



Winners: Ursula and Keith

THE HOLLYWOOD SET

By MARY MARATHON

Fans, if you're in the mood to "get away from it all," I'm the gal who can tell you how to do it! It doesn't have to cost you more than the price of a movie theatre ticket, a ticket that'll take you to exotic, mysterious India when you see "Thunder in the East"—and to the lush and colorful banana country when you see "Tropic Zone."

* * *

Just in time for that January pick-up, you'll be able to magic-carpet-yourself via "Thunder in the East" to a fabulously-decorated Maharajah's palace . . . to the teeming market-places of Ghandahar where evil and good rub shoulders, and where the man Alan Ladd portrays is right at home, living the kind of exciting adventures he had in "Saigon," "China" and "Calcutta."

* * *

Ladd's a gun-runner in "Thunder in the East," and while he mixes with some pretty rough characters, star-wise he's in real solid company. Deborah Kerr, Charles Boyer and Corinne Calvet share top billing with him. With two irresistible lovelies like Deborah and Corinne in the same picture, Ladd doesn't stand a chance of avoiding romantic entanglement, not that he'd want to. But I'm going on record to action-lovers that there's action in the field of romance, too!

* * *

The story centers around Ladd's efforts to sell a plane-load of guns and ammunition to the Maharajah of Ghandahar, who is momentarily expecting attack by outlaw tribesmen. Ladd didn't figure on Charles Boyer, who portrays the Maharajah's peace loving secretary and who insists the only way to meet force is with love and kindness. Boyer locks the guns away and when trouble starts, the small British colony is really up against it. There's a lot of edge-of-the-seat excitement in "Thunder in the East" that typifies adventure in far-away places, and I know it will give you the feeling of being right in the middle of one of today's hottest action spots.

* * *

For a different—and torrid!—change of scene, make a note to catch "Tropic Zone" where the action (and there's plenty of it!) takes place on a banana plantation in Puerto Barrancas. And if the name of that town doesn't sound like a cruise-stop, then I've been wasting my time reading travel-folders.

* * *

"Tropic Zone" is photographed in gorgeous Technicolor and stars rugged Ronald Reagan, lovely red-head Rhonda Fleming, and fiery singer-dancer Estelita. It has to do with the struggle between the independent banana-growers and the crooked shipping head who has designs on Rhonda's plantation. Reagan, involved with the wrong side, falls in love with Rhonda. Their romance sparks some flaming action both between the lovers and between the rival banana-growers.

* * *

Before long, I'm going to be singing you the praises of "The Stars Are Singing" . . . a music-loaded Technicolor dandy that brings you a terrific new screen personality—none other than the original "Come-On-A-My-House" girl, Rosemary Clooney! The millions of records she's sold are nothing compared with the box-office records that gal's gonna break! What a singin' team Rosemary, Anna Maria Alberghetti and Lauritz Melchior make! But more about that later.

* * *

Goodbye for now, fans, and happy movie-going!



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starring
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Produced by Everett Riskin • Directed by CHARLES VIDOR
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with NOAH BEERY • GRANT WITHERS
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Based on a novel by Tom Gill • Produced by
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Paramount Presents
**THE STARS
ARE SINGING**

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**
starring

ANNA MARIA ALBERGHETTI
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ROSEMARY CLOONEY

with BOB WILLIAMS • TOM MORTON
FRED CLARK • JOHN ARCHER • RED DUST
Produced by Irving Asher • Directed by Norman Taurog
Screenplay by Liam O'Brien



that's hollywood for you

by Sidney Skolsky

I BET LANA TURNER often wishes her romances were the way they are in the movies: the men pursue her to a happy ending . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor is a female who is making a career out of being female . . . I know Barbara Bates rather well and Barbara Rush only slightly, but I'm still confused about which one is doing what in pictures . . . No matter what you say, I insist Johnnie Ray doesn't cry—he sweats . . . Gloria Grahame convinces me she is what she is on the screen . . . Don't let me hear any more stories about Hollywood and the glamour it used to have. I had a flashback of it at the Marion Davies party and it's strictly out of place now. Hollywood has no magic that can keep it from changing in a changing world . . . Marilyn Monroe, by the way, changes her phone number more often in a month than Mary Pickford did in any given year when she was "America's Sweetheart" . . . I find it tough to enjoy any movie before noon, no matter how good it is . . . Get this: the picture Barbara Payton made in England, tentatively titled "The Four-Sided Triangle," is about two men so in love with Barbara that they build a duplicate so each can have a Barbara Payton . . . Debra Paget, who's been so goody-goody,

is ready to step out . . . During a conference, an angry writer said to Mike Curtiz: "You're driving me crazy." "That's the way it is out here," said Mike. "No one walks."



Loretta (Legs) Young

Loretta Young looked so good in tights in "Because of You," that now "It Happens Every Thursday" . . . Betty Grable uses a special perfume, a scent she discovered that her horses like . . . I'd say that Terry Moore and Suzan Ball could be a couple of very popular celluloid sex bundles . . . When you see "O. Henry's Full House," listen carefully to John Steinbeck. He sounds like Ward Bond to me . . . Denise Darcel goes in for negligees so sheer that if she

wore all she owns at one time, she couldn't get by the Johnston Office . . . My favorite sign's at Schwab's: "They said it couldn't be done. So he tackled it with a smile. And he couldn't do it!"

I know that Lex Barker, to be *Tarzan*, has to watch his figure as closely as Jane Russell watches hers, and I'd rather watch hers . . . Cornel Wilde likes to look like a romantic actor . . . Wonder if Ann Sheridan, who hated the title, wishes that they'd call her "The Oomph Girl" again . . . If I were a talent scout for a movie company, I'd certainly sign Dorothy Collins of the Hit Parade . . . By the way, I guess I believe that radio is more accurate than television, because I would never set my watch by TV, only by the radio . . . Greer Garson once played *Shylock* and wore a beard . . . I'm a guy who goes for those singers to whom the words are important . . . In case you're interested in voice doubles, Trudy Erwin did the singing for Lana in "The Merry Widow," Gigi Greer did it for Rita in "Affair in Trinidad," and Pat Morgan for Ralph Meeker in "Somebody Loves Me" . . . Mitzi Gaynor's discovering she has the sex appeal off the screen that Monroe has on screen . . . I think the time has come for another Tracy-Hepburn movie.

Have you noticed how the so-called "slick" magazines are beginning to look like fan magazines, with a photo of a movie star on the cover and a couple of movie articles inside? . . . Shelley Winters still gives counsel to Farley Granger . . . I happen to know that Marge and Gower Champion sleep in twin beds rather close to each other. She wears an old-fashioned nightgown. He, being even more old-fashioned, wears nothing . . . Tallulah Bankhead didn't tell it in her book. When she was making "Lifeboat," she objected to a profile shot, saying to director Alfred Hitchcock: "It's not my best side." Hitchcock answered: "You're sitting on your best side."



Tony keeps Janet in sight

Tony Curtis makes things disappear in "Houdini," but Janet Leigh doesn't, which is swell with me . . . Rhonda Fleming will tell you she functions better when she's married . . . I have yet to be in a movie star's dressing-room that is as swanky as a star's dressing-room in a movie . . . I'm weary of gimmick pictures. I almost screamed for someone to talk in "The Thief," and I tapped my foot waiting for more people to come into "The Fourposter" . . . James Mason is honest enough to say he is an actor because it's the best way he knows to make money . . . Advising a friend, Gregory Ratoff said: "It isn't a good movie, and you can stay away any time, because it's continuous." I don't care if Rita and Aly make up or not. Stop already . . . If John Carroll and his wife separated, would John rush to Mario Lanza's or Dale Robertson's house? . . . I'm looking forward to seeing Ethel Merman in "Call Me Madam." It's good to have the gal back in films.

Whenever an actor plays a policeman in a movie, no matter what else he ever plays in others, I remember him as a policeman . . . I can't recall any particular performance of Piper Laurie's, but I'll always recall that she eats flowers . . . The wickedest thing Ann Blyth ever did was to come to a costume party dressed as Sadie Thompson . . . Constance Smith, at Photoplay's "Choose Your Star" party, made working a pleasure . . . I know that Leslie Caron sleeps in an oversized double bed. "This is part of marriage, isn't it?" she says . . . A salesman, waiting on customer Joan Davis, said: "Has anyone ever told you that you look like Joan Davis?" To which Joan replied: "That's the most insulting thing I have ever been told!" And that's Hollywood for you.



Constance Smith gave Sidney a party lift!

DORIS DAY * RAY BOLGER

IN WARNER BROS.' SPRING-TIME, SING-TIME, FLING-TIME MUSICAL OO-LA-LA!

When they sing...
your heart dances!
When they dance...
your heart sings!

April in Paris

WITH CLAUDE DAUPHIN

IN COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

WITH 10 SUNSHINY SONG HITS!

WRITTEN BY
JACK ROSE AND MELVILLE SHAVELSON

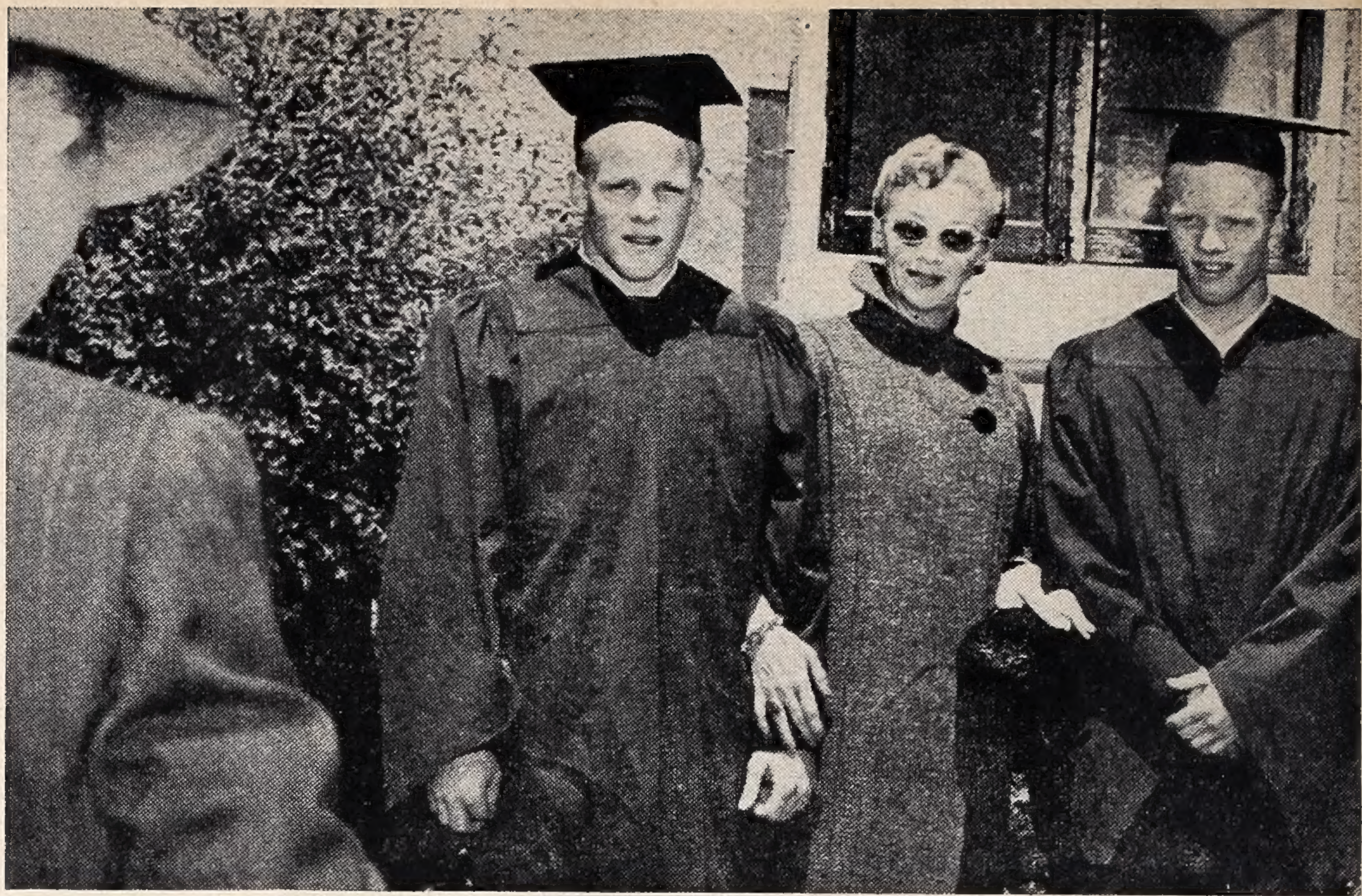
MUSICAL DIRECTION BY RAY HEINDORF
MUSICAL NUMBERS STAGED AND DIRECTED BY LEROY PRINZ

PRODUCED BY
WILLIAM JACOBS • DAVID BUTLER

ANOTHER
WB
WONDERFUL
WARNER BROS.
PICTURE

Bing photographing Dixie and the twins at graduation last summer

the brave heart



Gallant Dixie Lee Crosby is mourned by all of Hollywood—and by the whole world

ON NOVEMBER 1ST, AT 1:00 P.M., Dixie Lee Crosby died of cancer. Bing and their four sons were at her bedside.

Dixie Crosby's death marked the end of a gallant fight. She had been in poor health for many years. In recent months, it was known that she was constantly under the care of her doctor, and Hollywood rumors began to repeat that dreaded word, "cancer." It was assumed that Dixie did not know the nature of her illness. But perhaps she kept her secret well.

Last July, she underwent an abdominal operation for her condition. Bing flew down from Nevada to be with her. And it was only because she seemed to have come through the surgery with flying colors that he consented to make a trip to France to film "Little Boy Lost."

It was still believed that Dixie was on the way to recovery—until the Sunday before her death. That Sunday, against her doctor's advice, she insisted upon meeting Bing's train when he returned from the East. She may have realized that the end was near. A relapse followed. The four Crosby sons, Gary, Philip, Dennis and Lindsay—all away at their schools—rushed home to be with their mother.

On Monday, Dixie received Extreme Unction, the last Sacrament of the Church. On Tuesday, she lapsed into a coma from which she never emerged. Four days later, Dixie died of what doctors described as a "cancer condition that balked all attempts at alleviation."

Dixie's defiance of her doctor's orders that Sunday was reminiscent of her earlier defiance of the Hollywood world to be

with Bing. At the time they met, Bing was a rather confirmed sower of wild oats. He was young and healthy and he believed in living. He and Dixie met at the famed Cocoanut Grove where he was singing with the "Rhythm Boys." Dixie was the famous one, the star.

She fell in love. The studio to which she was under contract warned her that if she married "that Crosby character" they would drop her from contract. She married him. And the studio did drop her.

At the time of the marriage, news releases announced: "Dixie Lee, film actress, today married Murray Crosby, orchestra leader, at a simple church ceremony." Neither Bing's name nor his occupation were correctly noted. No one seemed to care . . . with the exception of Dixie.



One of the last appearances of Dixie in public was with Bing at the twins' graduation exercises at prep school

The Crosbys were poor when they were first wed, but there never was a happier pair. Dixie made several pictures and then went into retirement. Bing settled down to prove that he could make the grade. He continued his night-club work and made movie shorts. He went on to become a featured radio singer and finally came his film success. And his wife took great pride in reminding the skeptics, "I told you so!"

It has been said many times that Bing's career was built upon the faith of his wife. As for her own career, Dixie kept only her scrapbooks and memories. She refused further public appearances saying, "After I taught Bing to sing, I quit." She concentrated on their home and on raising their family. First there was Gary, now nineteen, then the twins, Philip and Dennis, and finally Lindsay. Reportedly, the Crosbys were one of the most devoted families in the movie colony. However, as in many movieland marriages, there were rumors of discontent from time to time. These rumors grew louder when Bing vacationed alone in France in 1950. It was said that Dixie was consulting her lawyers and was ready to file for divorce. Nothing came of the reports, and during the months that followed, Bing and Dixie appeared closer than ever.

Then in July, Dixie entered the hospital for the operation. And it was only a short time before Dixie and Bing were separated forever. Bing issued a statement, "The family wishes to thank the many kind folks for their prayers and good wishes."

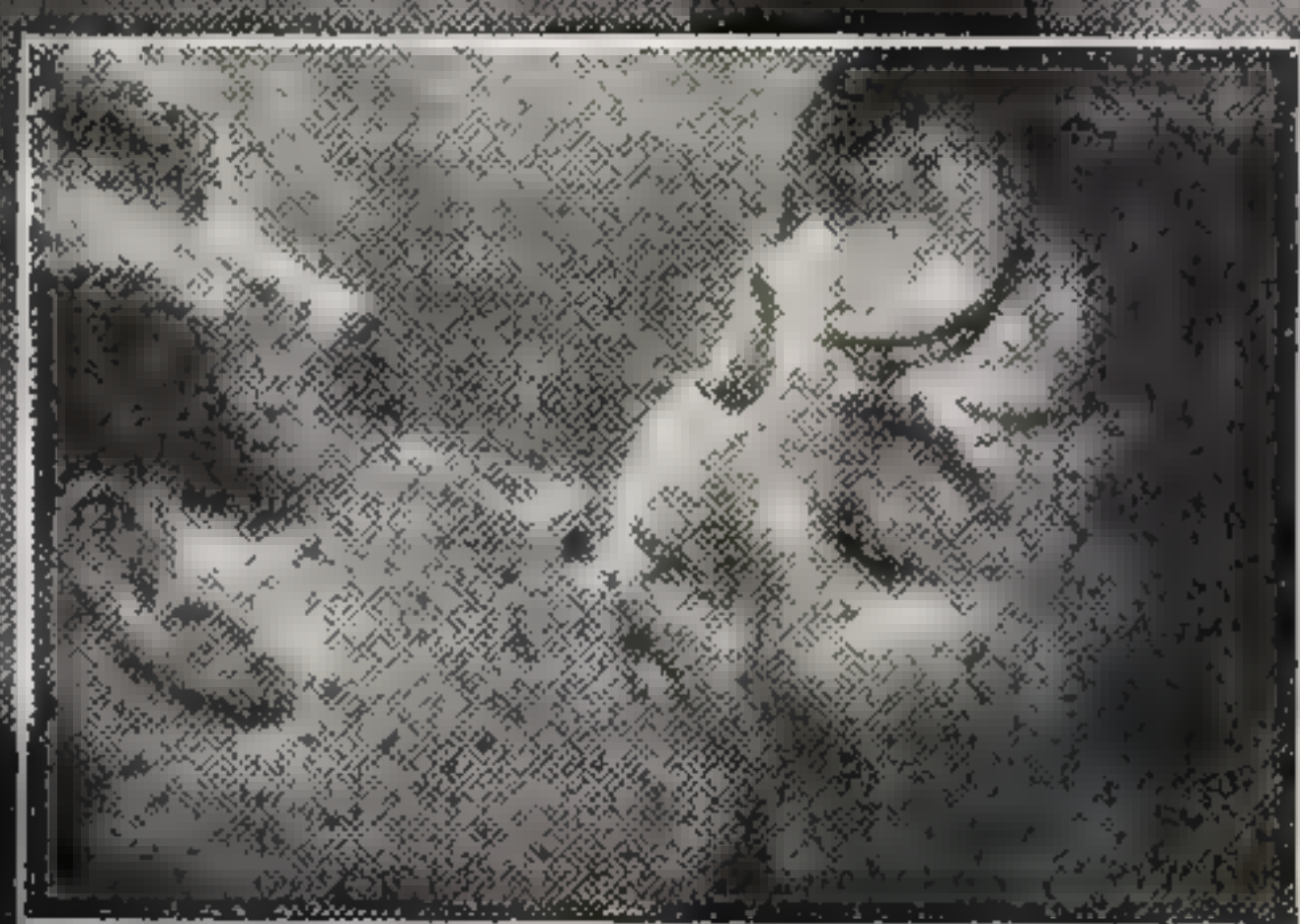
Dixie is gone. But her pride in her husband and her sons will never die.

THE STORY OF
RUBY GENTRY,
WHO WRECKED
A WHOLE
TOWN--

MAN BY MAN
...SIN BY
SIN!

Ruby Gentry...

so dangerous... destructive... deadly... to love!



BERNHARD-VIDOR
PRODUCTIONS, INC. presents

JENNIFER
JONES
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KARL
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JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON • PHYLLIS AVERY • HERBERT HEYES
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DIRECTED BY

SCREENPLAY BY

KING VIDOR • SILVIA RICHARDS

Story by ARTHUR FITZ-RICHARD • Released by 20th Century-Fox

GREER GARSON IS RIDING THE CREST. In addition to being one of the most beautiful and talented of Filmland's many glamorous lovelies, she's also one of the happiest.

It was rumored around these Hollywood hills that Greer and Buddy Fogelson—oil millionaire and publisher of the Sante Fe News, to whom she's been married three years—weren't seeing eye to eye on Greer's career. It was said that Buddy didn't approve of his wife's making movies—that he wanted her to be plain-and-simple Mrs. Buddy Fogelson. It was also whispered about that Greer's present strong upsurge in popularity at M-G-M would soon bring an open marital rift. For the studio wasted no time in putting their talented actress to work. Greer, who appeared last in "The Law and the Lady," in 1951, found herself with two pictures scheduled for 1952.

In one, "Vicki," she has the same type of warm, witty role that endeared her to moviegoers as the unforgettable Mrs. Miniver and, later, Mrs. Parkington. From "Vicki," Greer went into the much-publicized "Julius Caesar," in which she plays Calpurnia, the beautiful wife of Caesar. A



With Donna Corcoran in "Vicki"

busy and exciting year, undoubtedly, and Greer loved every minute of it. Whether Buddy Fogelson shared her enthusiasm is a matter that kept the local gossips working overtime.

When I questioned Greer about all this one afternoon recently, in the garden of her beautiful home in the Bel-Air canyon, she laughed and said: "A New York columnist started the story that Buddy and I aren't getting along. It's so untrue! It's not that Buddy doesn't approve of my

making pictures, it's just that he doesn't want me to make dull pictures! Buddy loves show people and they love him. He knows more people in the business than I do!"

Greer really "took down" that breathtakingly beautiful red hair of hers when she confessed to me: "I got off to a bad start in Hollywood and it's been catching up with me. I think it all started with that Oscar I won for 'Mrs. Miniver.' It meant so much to me! It was 1:00 A.M. when my Oscar was presented, you may remember, and I meant to say only 'Thank you so much!' and shed a tear or two, but instead I thanked everybody in the world, talked for six long minutes, and bored the ears off the tired and sleepy audience. Afterwards it was a great local joke; people even imitated me at parties, and as a result, although I was perfectly at ease on tours and personal appearances, I became very shy and self-conscious when I was at home in Hollywood.



Career rift? Greer and Buddy

"Last year, however, when I accepted the Oscar for Vivien Leigh for 'A Streetcar Named Desire' (she was in New York), I was able to joke about it myself. I said: 'Well, this is hardly the time to expand verbally. We've been told to keep to a strict timetable. But if anybody wants some extra material, I can let them have some five-and-a-half minutes out of a speech I made on a similar occasion several years ago, as you may remember!'

"You see," Greer beamed, "it's the Fogelson influence! I'm a happy extrovert these days. Now, I take everything in my stride . . . and enjoy it all!"

And talking to Greer, you can't help but realize that she can take the gossip along with the rest of it—in that same, beautiful happy stride!

Who are your favorites?

Send in your vote, letting us know who your favorites are and telling us what actors and actresses you'd like to see in future issues of Photoplay

In color I want to see

Actress _____ Actor _____

I want to read stories about

Pinup _____

The features I like best in this issue of Photoplay are

(1) _____ (2) _____

(1) _____ (2) _____

(3) _____ (4) _____

Name _____ Address _____ Age _____

Send this ballot to Readers' Poll Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York

**Those Brilliant Young Stars of
"Bend Of The River" are Together Again!**



ROCK HUDSON

The most talked-about
new star of our time!



JULIA ADAMS

A luscious sensation...
as the wild and wonderful
Rose of Texas!



The true story
of Wes Hardin
...greatest
gunfighter
of them all!

**THE
LAWLESS BREED**

COLOR BY

TECHNICOLOR

with

MARY CASTLE • JOHN McINTIRE • HUGH O'BRIAN

From the director who gave you
"The World In His Arms"...

RAOUL WALSH



Directed by Raoul Walsh • Screenplay by Bernard Gordon • Produced by William Alland • A Raoul Walsh Production • A Universal-International Picture



Get the lady out from behind all that cigar smoke and it turns out to be Anne Baxter! People used to think of her as shy and retiring—but where there's smoke there's fire



Anne and Monty Clift do a love scene in "I Confess" and you see it like this . . .

. . . but when it was filmed their director, Hitchcock, was right there alongside them



get annie!

"What has happened to Anne Baxter?"

That's the question all Hollywood is asking. There were some raised eyebrows when Anne dyed her hair blonde, and when she began to go around smoking cigars in public, the staid citizens of cinemaland were really startled. Not only that, but the new Annie seemed to have outspoken and definite opinions about anything and everything!

What's been happening? Why this sudden change in Anne, who used to be known as a fine actress, but one who kept the curtain drawn on her private life?

Maybe—just maybe—the answer is a very simple one. Perhaps the background to the answer is Anne's recent trip

to Quebec for location scenes for her new Warner picture, "I Confess." It has been reported that it was there Director Alfred Hitchcock introduced Anne to cigars, and it was on her return to Hollywood that she began smoking them publicly.

Maybe something else happened, too. Anne found that in Quebec there was great interest in movie stars, that people were asking her about such glamour queens as Marilyn Monroe, Lana Turner and Jane Russell. As for Anne herself they seemed to take it for granted she was a fine actress. Period. No questions. Now any actress likes to be questioned about herself. So Annie did a turnabout. And you can bet that from now on the questions will be flying!

"A horse remodeled our home!"

"There isn't a more generous husband on earth than Michael O'Shea," Virginia Mayo explains. "But he gave more than he realized when he presented me with my first horse. Now we practically make our home in the stables!"



VIRGINIA MAYO,
co-starring in
"THE IRON MISTRESS"
A Warner Bros. Production
Color by Technicolor

"It's fun — but hard work. Grooming — cleaning saddles and bridles — is harder on my hands than a complete housecleaning. But Jergens Lotion soon softens them again."



"Keeping the stables spic and span is my job, too. That's another reason I'm so grateful for Jergens Lotion — it soothes my hands so *fast*. Try this and see *why*: Smooth one hand with quickly absorbed Jergens . . .



"Apply any ordinary lotion or cream to the other. Then wet them. Water won't 'bead' on the hand smoothed with Jergens as it will with oily cares."



"Come evening, my hands are smooth for close-ups with Mike." No wonder Jergens is used by more women than any other hand care in the world!



Jergens Lotion is *effective* — it doesn't just coat the skin. Jergens *penetrates* the upper layer and gives it softening moisture. 10¢ to \$1, plus tax.

Remember JERGENS LOTION . . . because you care for your hands!

BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for months indicated. Photoplay Applauds for this month, page 16. This month's full reviews, page 20.



A—Adults F—Family

OUTSTANDING

HAPPY TIME, THE—Columbia: Witty and wise story of a French-Canadian boy's awakening to love and sex. Family saga excellently acted by Bobby Driscoll, Charles Boyer and Marsha Hunt, Louis Jourdan and Linda Christian. (F) September

IVANHOE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Big, splendid action epic of knighthood days, with Robert Taylor as the Saxon hero who defies King John and is loved by Elizabeth Taylor, as *Rebecca*, and Joan Fontaine, as *Rowena*. (F) September

JUST FOR YOU—Paramount, Technicolor: Amiable, tune-filled reunion for Bing Crosby and Jane Wyman. Bing's a musical-comedy producer who's been too busy to woo Jane or be a real father to Bob Arthur and Natalie Wood. (F) October

PROMOTER, THE—Rank-U-I: Slyly hilarious Alec Guinness film, about a gent who makes his fortune by his wits. With Glynis Johns as an adventuress. (A) December

QUIET MAN, THE—Republic, Technicolor: Returning to his ancestral Ireland, ace director John Ford lovingly spins a yarn about an Irish-American prizefighter (John Wayne) and a spirited colleen (Maureen O'Hara). (F) September

VERY GOOD

ASSIGNMENT—PARIS—Columbia: Suavely told story of a courageous American reporter sent behind Hungary's Iron Curtain. Dana Andrews and Marta Toren share the romance element; George Sanders, Audrey Totter add complications and a few touches of humor. (F) November

BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Cheerful musical presenting Mario Lanza as an opera star who finds Army life unusual under a music-loving sergeant (James Whitmore). New-comer Doretta Morrow duets with Mario in some of the pop and classic songs that are supplied in generous measure (F) November

EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS—M-G-M, Technicolor: Marge and Gower Champion achieve stardom in an easygoing musical of show-business marriage. With Monica Lewis. (F) December

FULL HOUSE—20th Century-Fox: Five O. Henry short stories provide quaintly charming entertainment. Charles Laughton plays an elegant bum; Jean Peters and Anne Baxter, devoted sisters; Dale Robertson and Richard Widmark, a detective and a hoodlum; Farley Granger and Jeanne Crain, a couple poor in money but rich in love; Oscar Levant and Fred Allen, comic con-men. (F) November

IT GROWS ON TREES—U-I: Homey fantasy in which housewife Irene Dunne finds money sprout-

ing in her back yard. Dean Jagger and Joan Evans are among the family circle. (F) December

LUSTY MEN, THE—RKO: Vigorous, unglorified survey of the rodeo cowboy's life, involving Robert Mitchum, Arthur Kennedy and Susan Hayward in a triangle. (F) December

MIRACLE OF OUR LADY OF FATIMA, THE—Warners, WarnerColor: Gentle yet impassioned religious drama about the child to whom the Madonna appeared on a remote Portuguese hillside. Susan Whitney's a lovely, unaffected heroine; Gilbert Roland scores as a vagabond. (F) November

MY WIFE'S BEST FRIEND—20th Century-Fox: Featherweight marital farce starring Anne Baxter and Macdonald Carey as a couple whose life is disrupted when Mac confesses a past indiscretion. With Catherine McLeod, Cecil Kellaway. (A) November

SAVAGE, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: Actionful, intelligent western starring Charlton Heston as a white man brought up among Indians. With Susan Morrow. (F) December

SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO, THE—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Writer Gregory Peck recalls his wasted life and many loves (Susan Hayward, Ava Gardner, Hildegard Neff). Pretentious, lush romance. (A) December

SPRINGFIELD RIFLE—Warners, WarnerColor: In a satisfying western, Gary Cooper plays Union counterspy to outwit Confederate horse raiders. With Phyllis Thaxter, Paul Kelly. (F) December

TURNING POINT, THE—Paramount: Expertly made racket-busting story, with Edmond O'Brien as a crusader, William Holden as a reporter, Alexis Smith as the girl both love. (F) December

GOOD

ANNA—Lux: Old-fashioned romantic melodrama with Italian dialogue, English titles. Voluptuous Silvana Mangano, distraught by passion for the no-good Vittorio Gassman and love for farmer Raf Vallone, turns nursing sister. (A) October

BREAKDOWN—Realart: Brisk prize-ring drama, with unusual angles. Politico Sheldon Leonard has an unjustly jailed boxer (William Bishop) freed to fight again, in order to help Leonard's brother, a psychotic manager (Wally Cassell). (F) October

HELLGATE—Lippert: Grim, gripping drama set in an inhumane desert prison of the 1860's, with Sterling Hayden as an innocent convict, Ward Bond as the stern commandant. (F) December

HOOR OF 13, THE—M-G-M: As a clever jewel thief in turn-of-the-century London, Peter Lawford trails a maniac killer, with Dawn Addams' help. Sprightly melodrama. (F) December

HURRICANE SMITH—Paramount, Technicolor: Slapdash swashbuckler—treasure-hunting, piracy

and mutiny in the South Seas, with John Ireland, Yvonne DeCarlo, James Craig. (F) November

OPERATION SECRET—Warners: Confused but often suspenseful story of the French underground and the Red threat. Cornel Wilde, Steve Cochran and Phyllis Thaxter play maquis. (F) December

SECRET PEOPLE—Lippert: British thriller with Valentina Cortesa, Audrey Hepburn as refugees duped by radical agents. (A) December

SOMEBODY LOVES ME—Paramount, Technicolor: Betty Hutton's the whole show in this song-filled biography of Blossom Seeley. Ralph Meeker plays the singer's partner-husband. (F) November

SOMETHING FOR THE BIRDS—20th Century-Fox: Spoof on lobbying, in which Patricia Neal upsets Washington to save a bird sanctuary, aided by Edmund Gwenn, Victor Mature. (F) December

STEEL TRAP, THE—20th Century-Fox: Nerve-racking suspense. Joseph Cotten as an absconder, Teresa Wright as his wife. (F) December

THIEF, THE—U. A.: Ray Milland scores as a traitorous physicist in a dialogueless chase story. Trick treatment of the Red-spy plot, with sexy Rita Gam appearing briefly. (F) December

WORLD IN HIS ARMS, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Exciting, if obvious, adventure story of early San Francisco and Alaska. Gregory Peck's a tough Yankee sea captain; Ann Blyth, a Russian countess. With Anthony Quinn. (F) August

FAIR

BACK AT THE FRONT—U-I: As Mauldin's famed *Willie* and *Joe*, Tom Ewell and Harvey Lembeck get snared in the reserve call-up. In Tokyo, slinky Mari Blanchard makes them the dupes of a smuggling ring. Good for a few laughs. (F) November

BECAUSE OF YOU—U-I: Loretta Young and Jeff Chandler team appealingly in a sobby story of a loving mother with a past. (A) December

GOLDEN HAWK, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Weak sea saga, with Sterling Hayden and Rhonda Fleming as rival buccaneers. (F) December

HORIZONS WEST—U-I, Technicolor: Rock Hudson and Robert Ryan play good brother and bad brother in a routine western. (F) December

UNDER THE RED SEA—RKO: Record of ocean-floor exploration by Dr. Hans Hass and his expedition, with fascinating shots of coral reefs and marine life—and phony touches that keep it from rivaling "Kon-Tiki." (F) November

YANKEE BUCCANEER—U-I, Technicolor: Jeff Chandler and Scott Brady look handsome in buccaneer costumes, as U. S. Navy officers whose ship is assigned to track down the Caribbean pirate fleet. Suzan Ball's also an eyeful in this over-talkative adventure yarn. (F) November



i was afraid of my own shadow

... now I am the most popular woman in town

Are you shy ... timid ... afraid to meet and talk with people? If so, here's good news for you! For Elsa Maxwell, the famous hostess to world celebrities, has written a book packed solid with ways to develop poise and self-confidence.

This wonderful book entitled, *Elsa Maxwell's Etiquette Book* contains the answers to all your everyday social problems. By following the suggestions given in this book you know exactly how to conduct yourself on every occasion. Once you are *completely* familiar with the rules of good manners you immediately lose your shyness—and you become your true, radiant self.

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Win new esteem and respect from your friends—men and women alike. Take less than five minutes a day. Read one chapter in this helpful etiquette book in your spare time. In a very short period you will find yourself with more self-confidence than you ever dreamed you would have. You will experience the wonderful feeling of being looked up to and admired. Gone will be all your doubts and fears.

You will be living in a new, wonderful world. You will never fear your own shadow again!

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Good manners are one of the greatest personal assets you can possess. Good jobs, new friends, romance, and the chance to influence people can be won with good manners. Ladies and gentlemen are always welcome ... anywhere. And the most encouraging thing about good manners is that anyone can possess them.

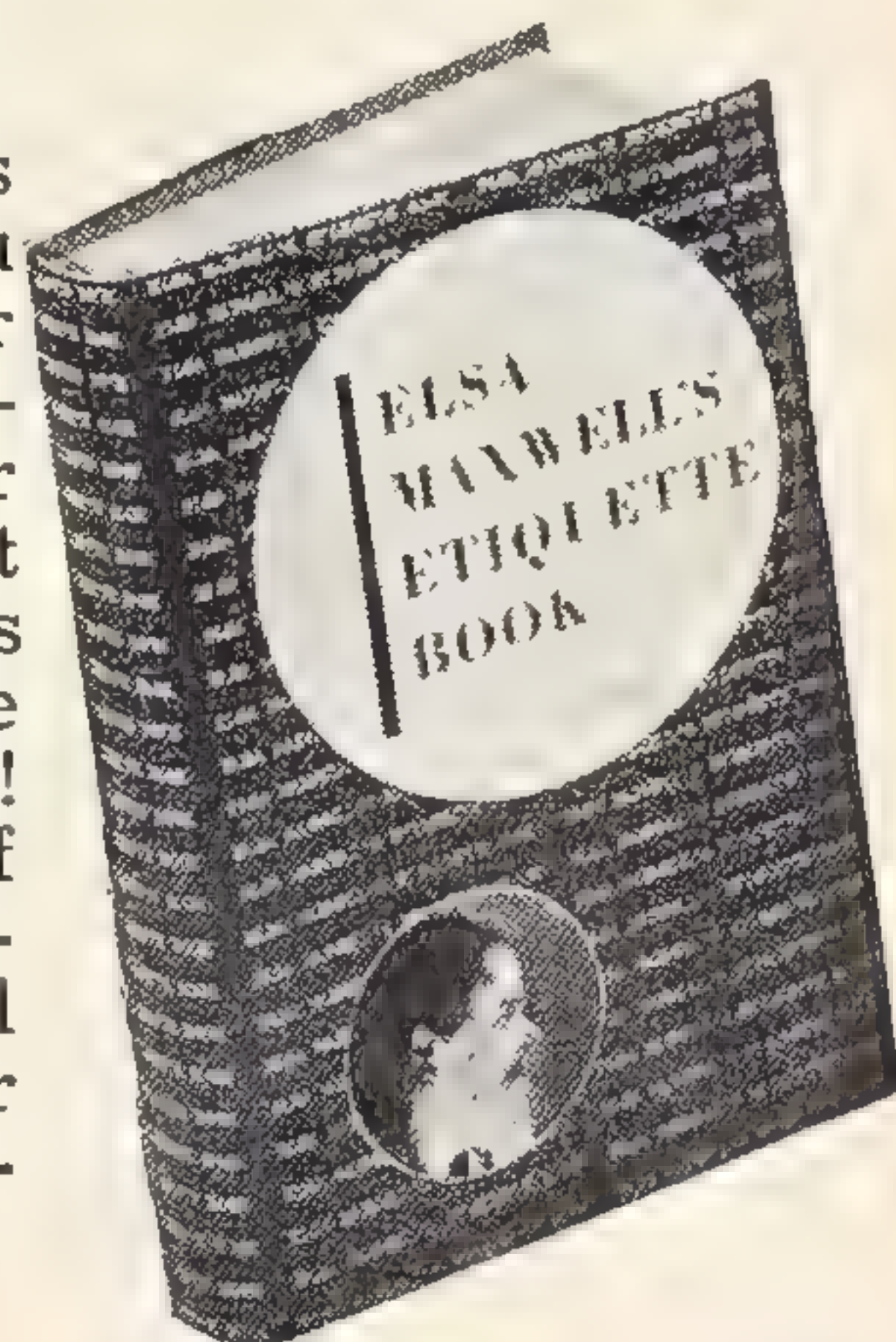
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"Elsa Maxwell's blueprint for correct social usage as revealed in the pages of her fine book, are an inspiration to all who enjoy gracious living."

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Doris Day

to-read as it is practical."

Gordon MacRae

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Jeanne Crain

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NAME.....
Please Print

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

Best Acting: Shirley Booth



However grueling, a good picture is exhilarating to make, agree Shirley and Burt, Terry and Dick on the film set



*photoplay
applauds:*

“Come Back, Little Sheba

Rough on the emotions but rewarding, this is a story of youth—what it's like to live it and to lose it

A wealth of surprises is in store for every movie-goer who sees “Come Back, Little Sheba.” Based on the long-run Broadway hit, Hal Wallis’ production for Paramount introduces the play’s star, Shirley Booth, to movie audiences. Each year, guesswork Oscars are handed out pretty freely in advance. But nobody’s arguing about Shirley’s performance. This one will be very much in the running, no matter what the competition. If you consider Burt Lancaster just an efficient action-film star, get set to revise your opinion. If you see Terry Moore only as a sunny ingenue, Richard Jaeckel as a naive serviceman, you’re in for a couple of further jolts.

This is an intimate drama, drawing you uncomfortably close to the lives of its people. As if eavesdropping on neighbors, you find Burt celebrating his victory over alcoholism, and

gradually you discover the reason for his drinking. A small-town chiropractor, he inwardly regrets the medical career he gave up when he had to marry his college sweetheart. He resents the plump, friendly slattern she has become. But for Shirley, that campus romance is no tragic turning point; it’s the loveliest time of her life. She remembers it fondly and persistently; just so, she keeps hoping her strayed white dog will come back, and calls from the porch for the lost *Sheba*.

The couple’s life has achieved a precarious balance when they take in a college student as boarder. This is Terry—fresh-faced, innocent-seeming, but actually a callous little trick who has a home-town fiancé and still wants to amuse herself with athlete Jaeckel. Burt idealizes her, and his disillusionment brings about the terrifying, cleansing climax.

Casts of Current Pictures

AGAINST ALL FLAGS—U-I: Brian Hawks, Errol Flynn; *Spitfire* Stevens, Maureen O'Hara; *Capt. Roc Brasiliano*, Anthony Quinn; *Princess Patma*, Alice Kelley; *Miss Molvina MacGregor*, Mildred Natwick; *Jones*, John Tully; *Harris*, John Alderson; *Gow*, Harry Cording; *Swaine*, Michael Ross.

BLACK CASTLE, THE—U-I: Count Von Bruno, Stephen McNally; *Richard Beckett*, Richard Greene; *Elga*, Paula Corday; *Dr. Meissen*, Boris Karloff; *Gargon*, Lon Chaney; *Herr Von Melcher*, Michael Pate; *Romley*, Tudor Owen; *Krantz*, Otto Waldis; *Herr Sticken*, John Hoyt; *Fonder*, Henry Corden.

BLAZING FOREST, THE—Paramount: Kelly Hanson, John Payne; *Syd Jessup*, William Demarest; *Jessie Crain*, Agnes Moorehead; *Joe Morgan*, Richard Arlen; *Sharon Wilks*, Susan Morrow; *Beans*, Roscoe Ates; *Grace*, Lynne Roberts; *Ranger*, Ewing Mitchell; *Max*, Walter Reed.

BLOODHOUNDS OF BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox: *Emly Ann Stackler*, Mitzi Gaynor; *Numbers Foster*, Scott Brady; *Tessie Sammis*, Mitzi Green; *Yvonne*, Marguerite Chapman; *Inspector McNamara*, Michael O'Shea; *Poorly Sammis*, Wally Vernon; *Dave, the Dude*, Henry Slate; *Ropes McGonigle*, George E. Stone; *Lookout Louie*, Edwin Max; *Curtaintime Charlie*, Richard Allan; *Little Elida*, Sharon Baird; *Frankie Ferraccio*, Ralph Volkie; *Pittsburg Philo*, Charles Buchinski; *Crockett Pace*, Timothy Carey.

COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA—Wallis, Paramount: *Doc Delaney*, Burt Lancaster; *Lola Delaney*, Shirley Booth; *Marie Loring*, Terry Moore; *Turk Fisher*, Richard Jaeckel; *Ed Anderson*, Philip Ober; *Elmo Huston*, Edwin Max; *Mrs. Coffman*, Liza Golm; *Bruce*, Walter Kelley.

EIGHT IRON MEN—Columbia: *Collucci*, Bonar Colleano; *Carter*, Arthur Franz; *Mooney*, Lee Marvin; *Coke*, Richard Kiley; *Sapiros*, Nick Dennis; *Ferguson*, James Griffith; *Muller*, Dick Moore; *Small*, George Cooper; *Captain Trelawny*, Barney Phillips; *Walsh*, Robert Nichols; *Lieutenant Crane*, Richard Grayson; *Hunter*, Douglass Henderson.

FACE TO FACE (Two Short Stories)—RKO: *THE CAPTAIN: The Captain*, James Mason; *The Swimmer*, Michael Pate; *Capt. Archbold*, Gene Lockhart; *1st Mate*, Albert Sharpe; *2nd Mate*, Sean McClory; *Ship's Cook*, Alec Harford. *THE SHERIFF OF YELLOW SKY: The Sheriff*, Robert Preston; *The Bride*, Marjorie Steele; *The Bad Man*, Minor Watson; *The Drummer*, Dan Seymour; *The Saloon Keeper*, Olive Carey; *The Prisoner*, James Agee.

IRON MISTRESS, THE—Warners: *Jim Bowie*, Alan Ladd; *Judalon de Boynay*, Virginia Mayo; *Juan Moreno*, Joseph Calleia; *Ursula de Veramendi*, Phyllis Kirk; *Philippe de Cabanal*, Alf Kjellin; *Narcisse de Boynay*, Douglas Dick; *"Bloody Jack"* Sturdevant, Tony Caruso; *Henri Contrecourt*, Ned Young; *James Audubon*, George Voskovec; *Rezin Bowie*, Richard Carlyle; *General Cuny*, Robert Emhardt; *Dr. Cuny*, Donald Beddoe; *Andrew Marschalk*, Harold Gordon.

MY PAL GUS—20th Century-Fox: *Dave Jennings*, Richard Widmark; *Lydia Marble*, Joanne Dru; *Joyce*, Audrey Totter; *Gus Jennings*, George Winslow; *Ivy Tolliver*, Joan Banks; *Farley Norris*, Regis Toomey; *Karl*, Ludwig Donath; *Polly Pahlman*, Ann Morrison; *Anna*, Lisa Golm; *Tommy*, Christopher Olsen.

PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE—M-G-M: *Capt. Christopher Jones*, Spencer Tracy; *Dorothy Bradford*, Gene Tierney; *John Alden*, Van Johnson; *William Bradford*, Leo Genn; *Coppin*, Lloyd Bridges; *Priscilla Mullins*, Dawn Addams; *William Brewster*, Barry Jones; *Miles Standish*, Noel Drayton; *Gilbert Winslow*, John Dehner; *William Button*, Tommy Ivo; *Edward Winslow*, Lowell Gilmore.

PRISONER OF ZENDA, THE—M-G-M: *Rudolf Rassendyll*, King Rudolf V; *Stewart Granger*, Princess Flavia; *Deborah Kerr*, *Rupert of Hentzau*, James Mason; *Col. Zapt*, Louis Calhern; *Antoinette de Mauban*, Jane Greer; *The Cardinal*, Lewis Stone; *Michael*, Duke of Strelsau; *Robert Douglas*, *Fritz von Tarlenheim*, Robert Coote; *Johann*, Peter Brocco.

RAIDERS, THE—U-I: *Jan Morrell*, Richard Conte; *Elena Ortega*, Viveca Lindfors; *Elizabeth Ainsworth*, Barbara Britton; *Hank Purvis*, Hugh O'Brian; *Felipe Ortega*, Richard Martin; *Marty Smith*, Palmer Lee; *Frank Morrell*, William Reynolds; *Marshal Bill Henderson*, William Bishop; *Thomas Ainsworth*, Morris Ankrum; *Dick Logan*, Dennis Weaver; *Mary Morrell*, Margaret Field; *Welch*, John Kellogg.

STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER—20th Century-Fox: *John Philip Sousa*, Clifton Webb; *Lily*, Debra Paget; *Willie*, Robert Wagner; *Jennie*, Ruth Hussey; *Col. Randolph*, Finlay Currie; *Mme. Bernsdorff-Mueller*, Benay Venuta; *Major Houston*, Roy Roberts; *David Blakely*, Tom Browne Henry; *Mr. Pickering*, Lester Matthews; *Maid*, Maude Prickett; *Organ Grinder*, Erno Verebes; *Secretary of Navy*, Richard Garrick; *Music Professor*, Romo Vincent; *Navy Nurse*, Florence Shirley; *Bass Singer*, Delos Jewkes; *President Harrison*, Roy Gordon; *Mrs. Harrison*, Helen Van Tuyl; *Sousa, Jr.*, Nicholas Koster.

WAY OF A GAUCHO—20th Century-Fox: *Martin*, Rory Calhoun; *Teresa*, Gene Tierney; *Salinas*, Richard Boone; *Miguel*, Hugh Marlowe; *Falcon*, Everett Sloane; *Father Fernandez*, Enrique Chaico; *Valverde*, Jorge Villoldo; *Julio*, Roland Dumas; *Tia Maria*, Lidia Campos.



Are you in the know?

If he asks you to a house party—

☐ Get it in writing ☐ Go as his guest

All your gang's going—and Tom's heckling you to come along. Trouble is (maybe you're new in town)—you've never met the hostess! Appear at her party as a "guest's guest"? Tain't proper! A girl should have a written invitation. On problem days, Kotex invites you to be comfortable—with softness that *holds its shape*. You know, this extra-absorbent napkin's made to stay soft while you wear it; so you stay confident, whatever your plans.



Is this doodler showing signs of—

☐ The Zodiac ☐ Genius ☐ Warning

"Ain't he had no fetchin' up?"—this tablecloth Michelangelo? Bruising good linen doesn't worry him a bit. Be leery of such telltale traits. They're a warning sign: show he's inconsiderate. And when you're buying sanitary protection, sidestep telltale outlines—with Kotex. Those *flat pressed ends* show no sign of a line! Try all 3 absorbencies: Regular, Junior, Super.

Do you think a "fascia" is—

☐ A lady Fascist ☐ Fine for any figure

You love the "dash" a fascia gives—but unless you're the tall, lean type this broad draped cummerbund is not for you. To flatter a plumpish midriff, get a narrower style; helps boost your height, if you're pint-sized. To hoist your *poise* (on certain days) get the extra protection Kotex gives. Remember, that special *safety center* helps prevent "accidents."



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

How to prepare for "certain" days?

☐ Circle your calendar ☐ Perk up your wardrobe ☐ Buy a new belt

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers can help. But to assure *extra comfort*, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight sanitary belt's non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. *Dries pronto!* So don't wait: buy a new Kotex belt now. Buy two—for a change!



readers inc...

SOAP BOX:

... I especially liked the article, "I Want Women to Like Me," by Marilyn Monroe ... I hope ... this opens the eyes of some of those jealous women gossipers who do nothing but criticize her. I'd like her to remain just as she is—a great actress and a beautiful and honest woman ... Marilyn, this is one gal who loves you ...

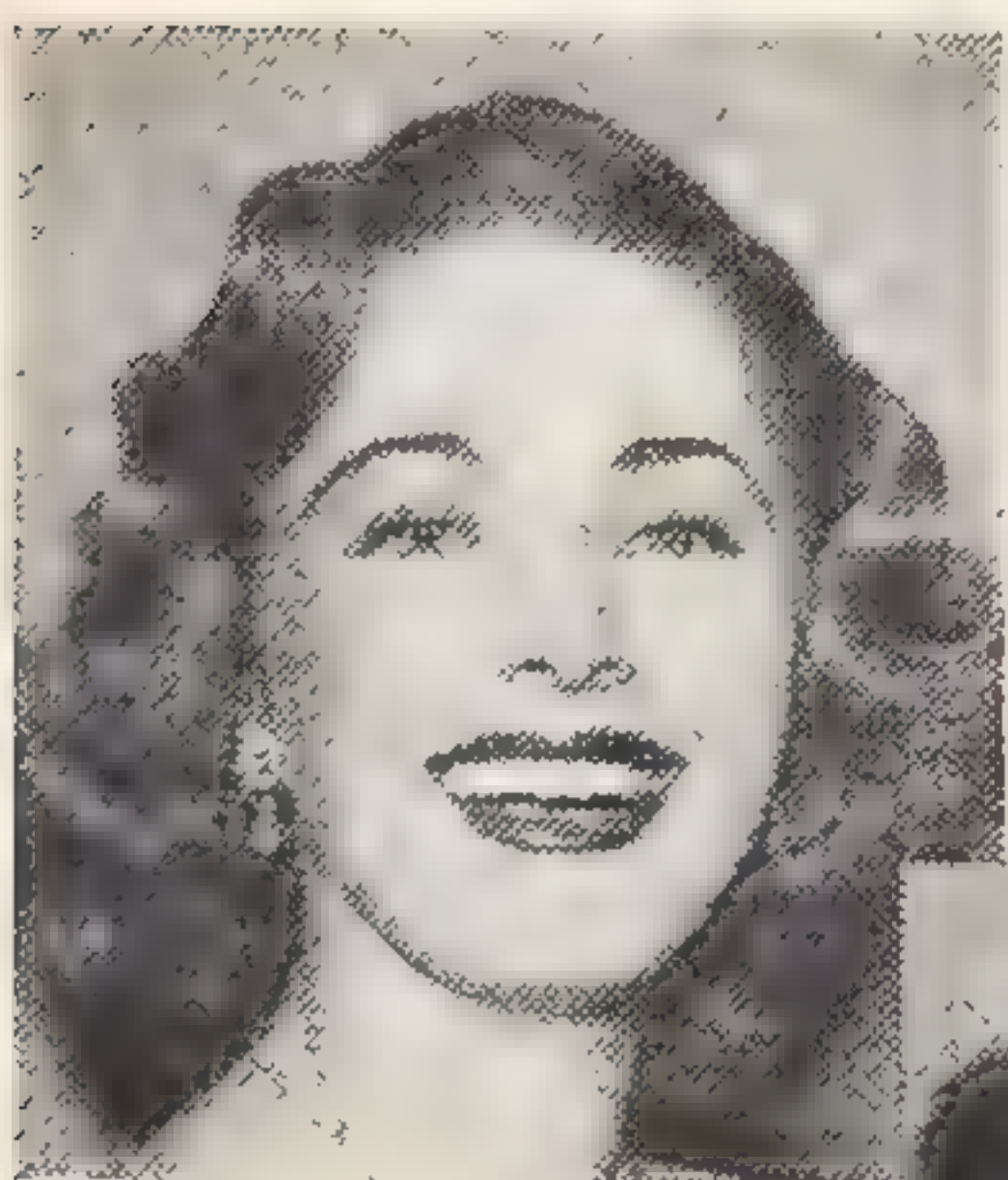
FELICIA MASSIE
Chicago Heights, Illinois

... always wondered what distracted from Debbie Reynolds' looks ... it's her hair. She needs a poodle cut.

ROSE MARY LANGLOIS
Rochester, New York

... the movies, "Detective Story" and "Scar-amouche." In these two pictures, the one that really stood out was Eleanor Parker ... has the beauty, charm and acting ability of Lana Turner, Liz Taylor and Betty Grable all combined ...

CECILIA LINDNER
Cleghorn, Iowa



Barbara Bates

Eleanor Parker



... Do you know who's a dream doll in this movie colony? It's that Barbara Bates. Why doesn't Hollywood give her bigger and better roles? ...

DICK WILLIAMS
Santa Monica, California

Taking a poll of the girls with whom I work (telephone operators), I find ... we all go, at least once a week to a movie, but we just aren't the ones who write fan letters ... Our favorites are slipping away ...

... go for Louis Hayward ... would like to see him in a modern romance. We'd like David Wayne ... in a few more "Adam's Ribs" ... Kenneth Tobey ... should only know how many pulses he made race. And what happened to Gail Russell and Dane Clark? We, the silent ... want our favorites back.

LOIS POXON
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I am saddened by the news of the death of a very dear friend, Susan Peters. No, I didn't know her personally, but from the very first time I saw her on the screen ... she became not only a very, very dear friend but one of my favorite actresses. ... I read of her hunting accident and her life in a wheel chair. I began to pray that day for a friend who never gave up, but went on to bring happiness and encouragement to others who were also in wheelchairs. ... No actress will forever be remembered with as much pride, happiness and love ... The woman is gone but the memory of her courage and her acts of kindness will never die ...

GRACE CALDWELL
Austin, Texas

I have subscribed to your good magazine for more years than I care to remember, and have always found it full of very interesting and delightful stories ... However, I feel I must voice my disapproval of the disgustingly revealing photographs ... in your November issue of some of the ... stars in the high-fashion, low-cut strapless evening gowns (and one in a bathing suit) ... Needless to say, the movie magazine is very popular ... with the younger generation ... and this sort of thing does more harm than good ...

MARIETTA SIMONS
Akron, Ohio

... here is a list compiled by some girls in my town of the ten sexiest men in Hollywood. This order does not necessarily imply going from most to least!

Montgomery Clift, Peter Lawford, Mel Ferrer, Stewart Granger, Hugh Marlowe, Farley Granger, John Ireland, Ricardo Montalban, John Dall, Dale Robertson.

A COLORADO STEADY READER
Fort Collins, Colorado

CASTING:

I think some studio should remake a picture of the thrilling and wonderful book, "The Scarlet Pimpernel." Gregory Peck would be wonderful in the male lead and Ava Gardner as his leading lady.

JANET JONES
Decatur, Illinois

I suggest Louis Jourdan for the role of *Demetrius* in "The Robe." He would be perfect. Since Tyrone Power doesn't like costume pictures, how about Anthony Steele or Marlon Brando for *Marcellus*?

PAT KILDUFF
Baltimore, Maryland

One picture that has been outstanding in my mind and that I saw many years ago is "A Tale of Two Cities." I think it would really be a hit in Technicolor with, say, stars like Robert Taylor and Anne Baxter.

JEAN HOLMES
Columbus Grove, Ohio

After Jane Powell has had her second baby, why don't they cast her and Gene Nelson in a real good musical? They'd make a wonderful pair for this type of movie.

BETTY DAY
Warren, Ohio

QUESTION BOX:

Could you please tell me who played Wiley Post in "The Story of Will Rogers"? I thought he was very good and deserves more parts.

CHARLENE HOLMES
Worcester, Massachusetts

Noah Beery, Jr., whose famous father thrilled last generation's moviegoers. He was busy in westerns before he played Wiley Post.—ED.

I've just seen "Lure of the Wilderness" with Jeffry Hunter and Jean Peters. It was a wonderful movie ... but it seems I've seen the film somewhere before. Could it have been made back in the forties with Dana Andrews, Joan Leslie and Walter Brennan ...?

WINSTON MAY
Mammoth Spring, Arkansas

You're right. It was called "Swamp Water," but Anne Baxter was the girl, and not Joan Leslie as you wrote.—ED.

Recently, I saw "Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima" and enjoyed it very much. Can you tell me if Virginia Gibson was in it?

CAROL ANN TARANTINO
Denver, Colorado

No, though she was scheduled to play The Voice, there was a later cast change.—ED.

I just saw the movie, "Lovely to Look At" and I wondered if Kathryn Grayson does all her own singing. It looked as if her lips weren't moving with the words.

SANDRA M.
Delavan, Wisconsin

Kathryn Grayson always does her own singing. But in this, as in all musicals, the songs are recorded separately from the action. That's why occasionally the lips don't seem to match the words.—ED.

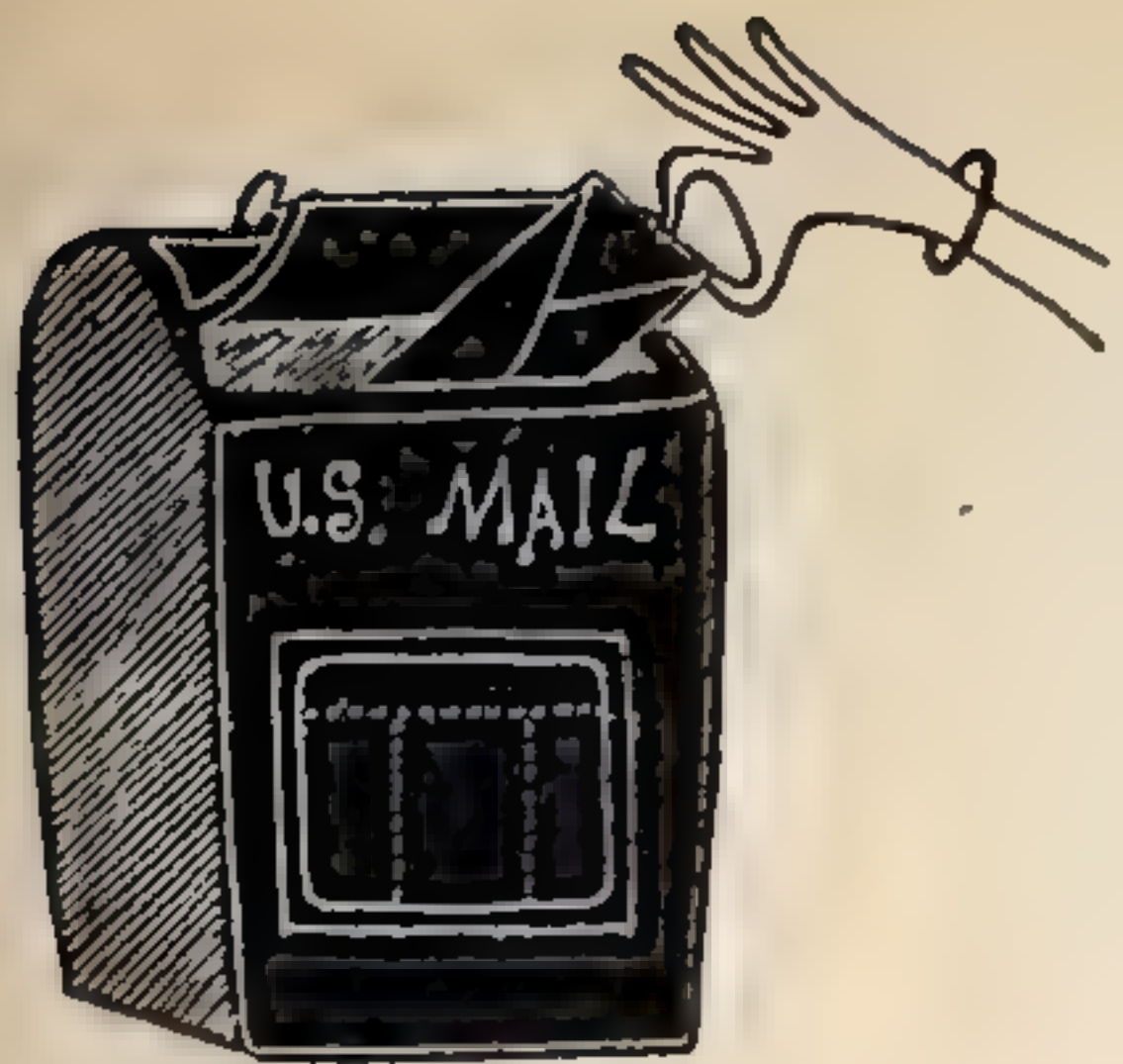
Could you kindly tell me how many persons have played Tarzan—and their names?

WISE JORDAN
Carthage, Texas

There have been ten Tarzans over thirty-five years. Elmo Lincoln was the first, Lex Barker is the present, and the in-betweens have included Buster Crabbe, Glenn Morris, Bruce Bennett and Johnny Weissmuller.—ED.

Could you please give me some information on the man who played Junior in the picture, "Sudden Fear," with Joan Crawford. I think

Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. However, our space is limited. And much as we would like to we cannot promise to publish, return or reply to all letters we receive.



he is a wonderful player. Where can I get his photo? Is he making any more pictures?

JEAN YATES
Hudson, New York

That was Touch Connors. Touch isn't his real name; he changed it for picture purposes. He is married to the former Mary Lou Willey—and their friends call them Touch and Go! You can get a photo of him by writing to the RKO Studios in Hollywood. He'll be in a new movie soon.—ED.

In many of the current magazines, including Photoplay, it shows stars opening and answering fan mail. And it always has the young stars like Tab Hunter, Lori Nelson, Joan Evans and others thanking people. But it never gives their addresses. What I'd like to know is how to obtain their home addresses.

CAROL POLICK
Great Falls, Montana

Unfortunately, we cannot give their home addresses. But mail which you write to them at their studios is sure to reach them.—ED.

"Duel at Silver Creek" was a wonderful picture. Throughout it . . . I had my eye on that doll who was *Johnny Sombbrero*. Would you please print a picture . . . and some information . . .

EVELYN LINEAL
Brooklyn, New York

That was Eugene Iglesias. He's been in show business since he was seven—radio, stage, concert halls, movies. Born in Puerto Rico, he once recited voodoo poems with drums in New York's Carnegie Hall.—ED.

Lyle Bettger



Eugene Iglesias

I just saw "The Greatest Show on Earth" and I would like to know who the man was who played the part of *Klaus*, the elephant trainer.

NADINE HOLYFIELD
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Blue-eyed Philadelphian Lyle Bettger, who likes to sing Christmas carols. His favorite dish is fish and chips. Made his first film, "No Man of Her Own," in 1950. He's married, and has two children.—ED.

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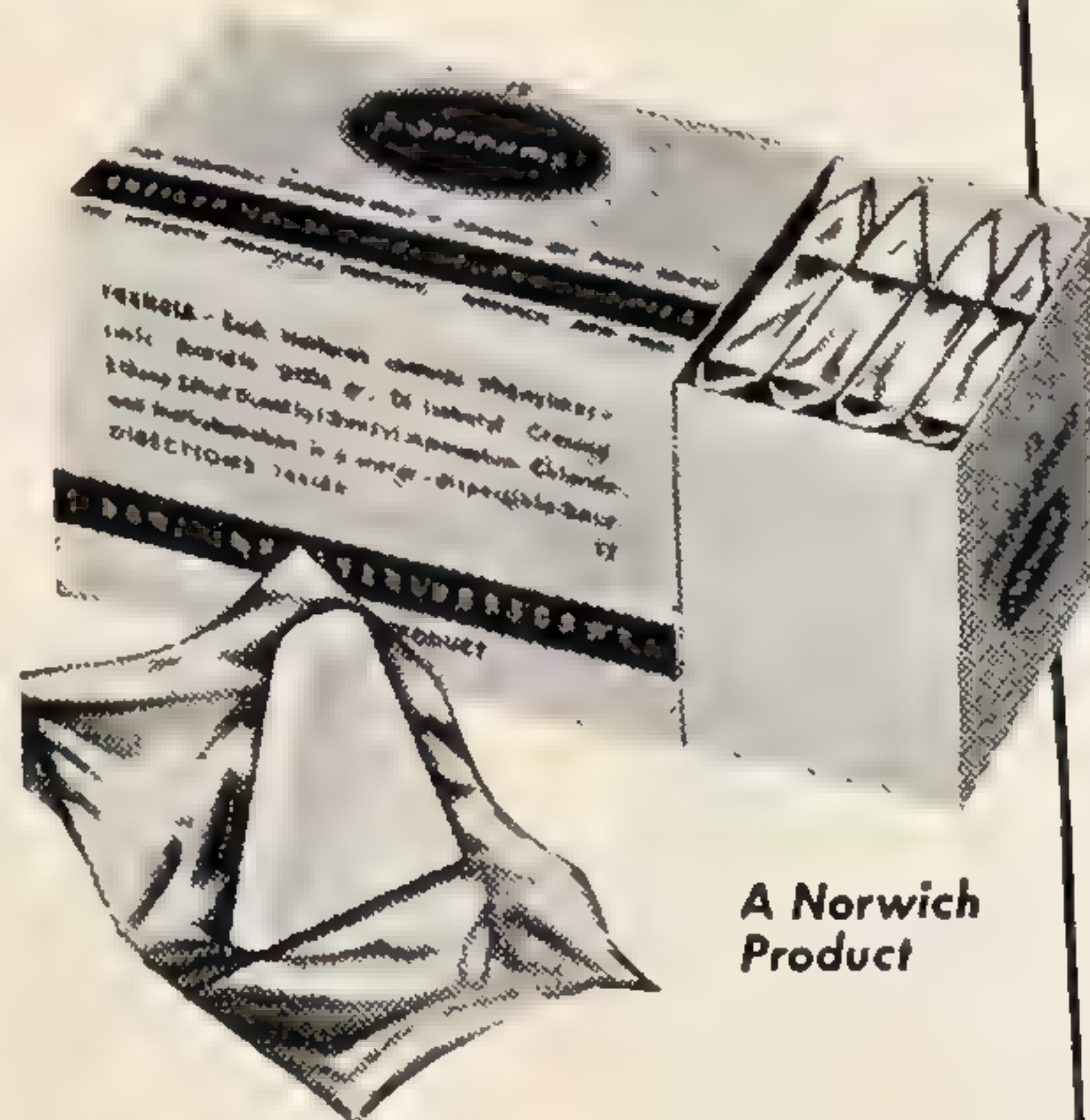
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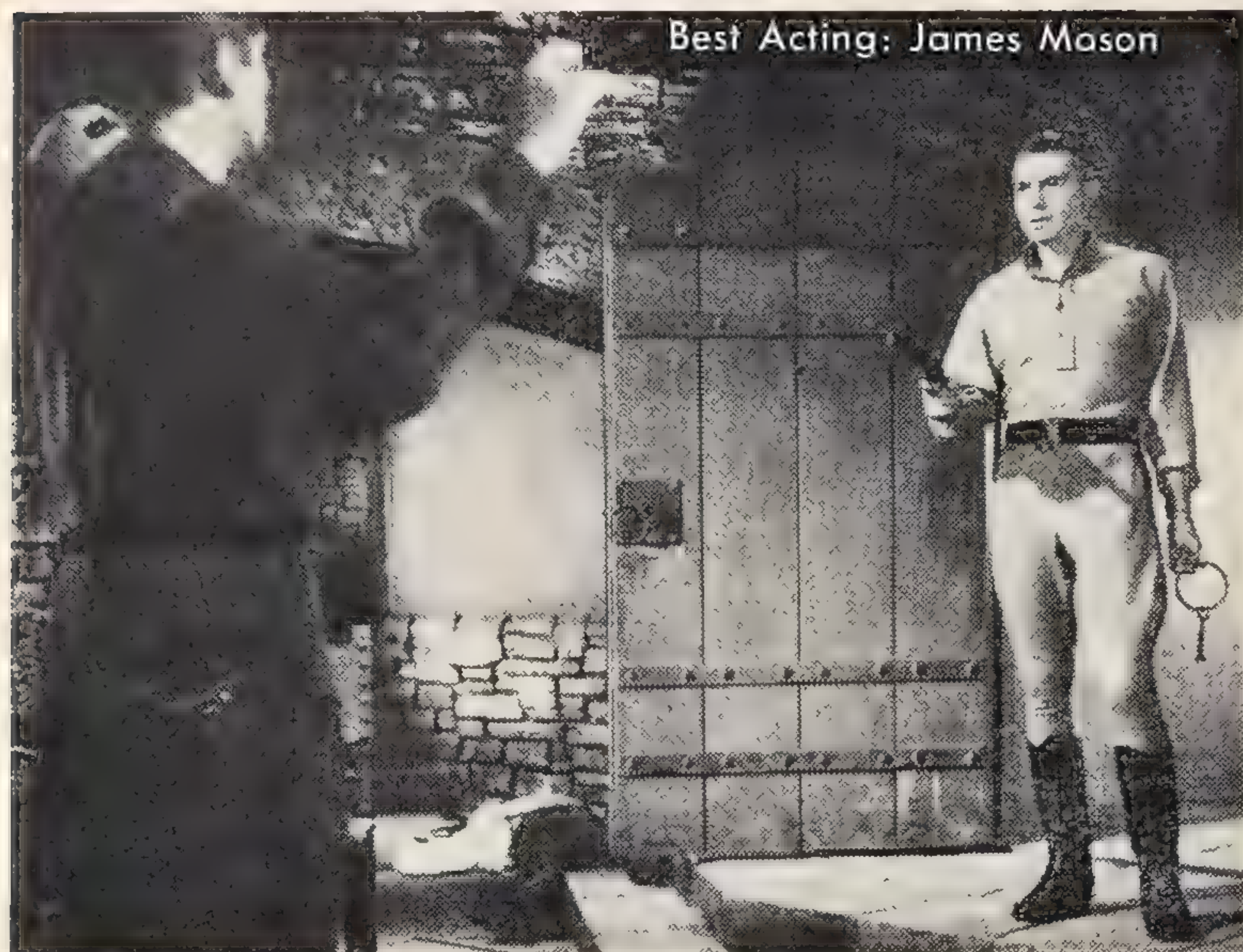
LET'S GO TO THE

✓✓✓✓ OUTSTANDING

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

✓✓ GOOD

✓ FAIR



Best Acting: James Mason

Getting wind of rescue plans, the scheming James Mason figures he'd better visit the dungeon where Stewart Granger is captive



Timothy Carey, Mitzi Gaynor's backwoods beau, tries to convince Scott Brady and Wally Vernon to start heading home to Broadway



As a couple of tired dogfaces, Bonar Colleano and Arthur Franz scan the machine-gun-raked street outside their temporary home

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA

(M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR)

✓✓✓
(F)

This new version of the famous mythical-kingdom romance is turned out in full-blown elegance. It's light without poking fun at the time-honored to-do over who'll get the throne of Ruritania and the hand of the future queen. Stewart Granger cuts a splendid figure as both the tippling king and the debonair Englishman who doubles for him after he's been drugged on coronation eve. His love scenes with Deborah Kerr (the perfect fairy-tale princess) are quite affecting in their high-minded way. But James Mason gaily steals the picture. Of course, his billing indicates that he's supposed to; *Rupert of Hentzau* always was the choice role in this story. As the rogue equally adept with knife, rapier, blunt instrument, bright remark and doublecross, Mason's a delight to watch.

Verdict: Blithe escape into graceful adventure

BLOODHOUNDS OF BROADWAY

(20TH CENTURY-FOX, TECHNICOLOR)

✓✓✓
(F)

As the stage proved with "Guys and Dolls," Damon Runyon's raffish world makes a nice setting for a musical. Scott Brady fits into this fictitious Broadway society neatly as a big-shot bookie, and Mitzi Gaynor, as a hillbilly belle, is the conventional innocent whose trustfulness softens hard characters. Subconsciously in love with his Georgia protégée, Scott's on the spot; his regular doll (Marguerite Chapman), who "spells love m-i-n-k," will be sure to tell the law *all* if he walks out on her. In the bookie's entourage, Wally Vernon, Edwin Max and Mitzi Green mouth the Runyon lingo to the most amusing effect. The winning enthusiasm of the Gaynor song-and-dance style gets full play, with moppet Sharon Baird collaborating entrancingly on the first number, attractive Richard Allan on others. Music and story are in neat balance.

Verdict: Tuneful carryings-on of babes and bookies

EIGHT IRON MEN

(COLUMBIA)

✓✓✓
(F)

If this story of one day on the Italian front had been filmed six or seven years ago, its impact would have been a good deal stronger. It's timely enough; these tired, bored, nerve-worn soldiers could be fighting anywhere, from Troy to Korea. But earlier movies have made us too familiar with the guy from Brooklyn, the kid, the leader harrowed by responsibility. And it's to this movie's credit that its men seem so individualized, their talk so true and deceptively casual (though there's too much of it). Among the platoon due for relief but held up by one bumbling G.I. who's gotten himself trapped in a shell hole, there are no star roles. But Bonar Colleano stands out as the Brooklyn type, with Lee Marvin scoring as the sergeant and Richard Kiley and Arthur Franz doing good jobs. The rest of the cast also underplays skillfully.

Verdict: Realistic war interlude, short on action

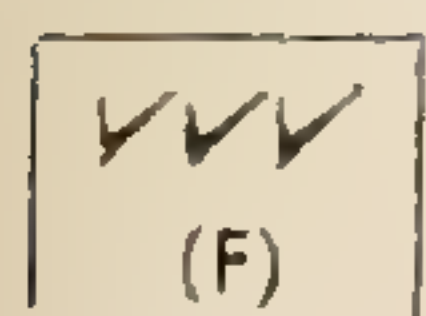
For brief reviews of current pictures see page 14
For complete casts of new pictures see page 17

(F) FAMILY

(A) ADULTS ONLY

FACE TO FACE

(RKO)

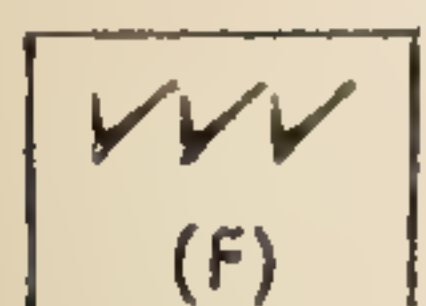


Following a new trend, a pair of filmed short stories is tied up in one picture-package. The first story, Conrad's "The Captain," is a dreary, would-be philosophical seafaring incident; James Mason, a captain with his first command, gives refuge on his ship to a man accused of murder. But Crane's "The Sheriff of Yellow Sky" is an enchanting blend of humor, ruefulness and suspense. Call it a comedy companion piece to "High Noon," sketching the death of the Wild West. The town bum (Minor Watson) is on a spree, reverting to his own and the town's lusty youth. Nobody can keep him from shooting up the joint except sheriff Robert Preston, who's on a train, bringing home his bride (pretty, wholesome Marjorie Steele), awed by the luxury of the trip.

Verdict: Two-story film, with one fine episode

THE IRON MISTRESS

(WARNERS, -TECHNICOLOR)

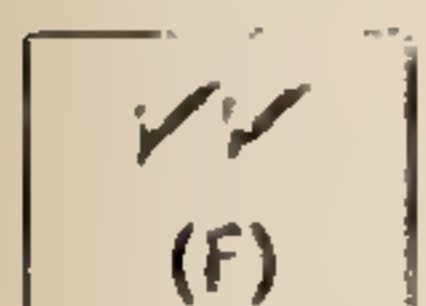


A lively adventure tale of the early Nineteenth Century casts Alan Ladd as young Jim Bowie, inventor of the knife referred to in the film's title. A proud backwoodsman, he comes to New Orleans in the colorful era of the code duello, and stays to make his fortune, so that he may win the heart of a lovely flirt. Infatuation blinds him to the lady's true character, but Virginia Mayo, returning to the handsome-hussy routine she does so well, leaves the audience in no doubt. Seems odd to complain about a shortage of sex in a movie, but this one could have used a bit more, to explain its hero's love for such a worthless female. But it's Ladd's best action film in a long while; dueling scenes are full of excitement. Joseph Calleia's a suave heavy, but Phyllis Kirk hardly suits her señorita role as Alan's consolation prize.

Verdict: Dashing yarn of old-time New Orleans

PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE

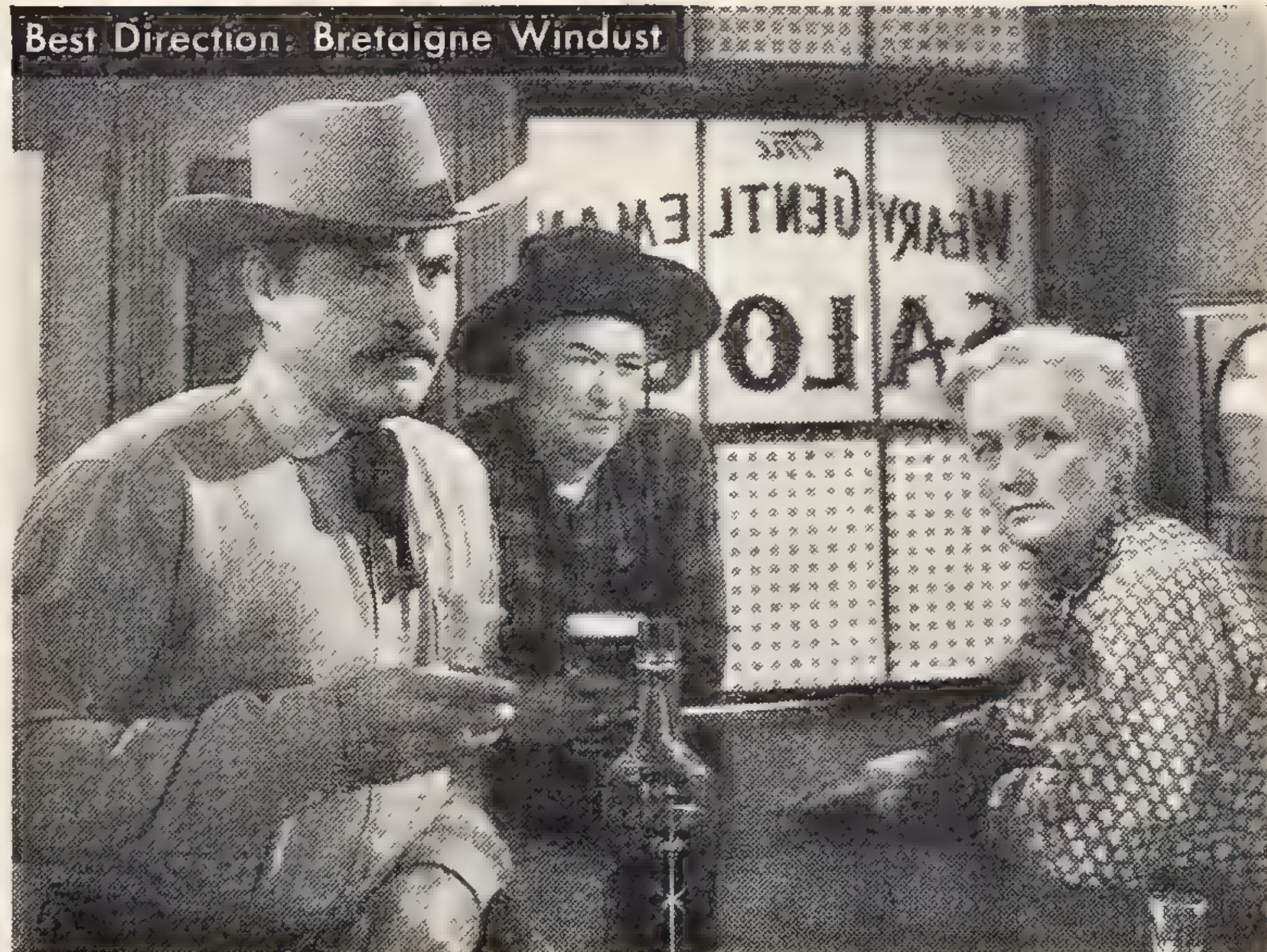
(M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR)



No stuffy history-book essay, the movie saga of the *Mayflower* voyage boasts a big cast headed by Spencer Tracy, Gene Tierney, Leo Genn and Van Johnson. But a straggling narrative cuts down the intended dramatic power. Convincing details put you right aboard the tiny ship, to share cramped quarters, short rations, illness and the dangers of the autumn Atlantic. As the cynical captain who considers his human cargo a pack of fools, Tracy has the fattest assignment and—not quite the easy performer he used to be—seems conscious of the fact. He and Gene are involved in one of the love stories; as the wife of William Bradford (Genn), she fights against the captain's hold over her. Van and Dawn Addams share the lighter romance of John Alden and Priscilla. Below Metro's high standard, the color suggests travel postcards.

Verdict: Attempt to humanize the Pilgrim story

Best Direction: Brethaigne Windust



Sheriff Robert Preston, handyman Minor Watson and saloon-keeper Olive Carey share a reminiscing session about the bad old days



Though Virginia Mayo has jilted Alan Ladd, he is ready to help her weak husband (Alf Kjellin), fleeced by river-boat gamblers



The voyage to the New World affects the marital relationship of Pilgrim leader Leo Genn and the would-be faithful Gene Tierney

Let's go to the movies

Stars and Stripes Forever

(20th Century-Fox, Technicolor)

Many a musical has been tripped up by stray chunks of plot that keep interrupting the music. This one gets around the barrier handily; it has nothing that can be properly called a plot, simply an amiable, rambling account of a famous man's life. As John Philip Sousa, bandleader and



Clifton kibitzes on Bob and Debra

foremost composer of march tunes, Clifton Webb hides behind a beard and a pair of pince-nez to re-create a pompous, warm-hearted musician. Ruth Hussey's familiar role of quizzical, devoted wife sketches in Sousa's home background.

Bob Wagner has his biggest chance as the self-assured youngster who joins the Marines to get into Sousa's band and is also in the civilian band that later stages triumphal tours. Debra Paget does a personality switch as an 1890's version of the strip-tease artist, who becomes Bob's secret bride. Her songs and dances show a vivacity you wouldn't expect. Filled with spirited march music, the picture returns you to a sunny period in American history, clouded only by a small-scale war.

Verdict: Genial fun in four-four time

✓✓✓

(F)

Cinerama

(Cinerama Productions, Eastman Kodak color, print by Technicolor)

With no story, a series of spectacular sequences shows off an amazing new film technique, sure to overwhelm even the most blasé movie-goer. After the New York unveiling in October, plans were quickly made to equip theatres in other cities for the Cinerama process. Its three huge curved screens fill almost your whole field of vision; you feel yourself projected into the middle of the action, riding in a roller-coaster, soaring over the scenic wonders of

America, following aquaplanes through cypress gardens, seeing a performance at La Scala Opera House in Milan. Lowell Thomas introduces Cinerama and voices the commentary.

For outdoor epics and musical spectacles, the process will surely be of tremendous value. But, judging from the shots of Thomas in his living room, it doesn't seem calculated to add any force to the more intimate human dramas. And it has the handicap of mimicking the stage too closely. The movies' most important distinction has always been their selectivity; the director shows you only what he wants to show you: his camera becomes your eyes. With Cinerama's vast triple screen, he'd have the same task as the stage director—to handle every detail of the action so that you would look where he wants you to look. You can't look directly at the whole screen at once. In this first exhibition, it doesn't matter where your eyes stray, but if a story were being told, this would become a vital problem. However, Cinerama is a remarkable experience, which left this reviewer giddy and half-bemused.

Verdict: Brand-new movie-going adventure

✓✓✓✓

(F)

The Blazing Forest

(Paramount, Technicolor)

The grandeur of the redwoods and the dangers of the logger's trade provide a promising background for an action picture, and the promise is realized in this John Payne vehicle. Payne's acting style seems more flexible than usual in his role of tough foreman hired to boss a hurry-up logging job. Always a shrewd performer, Agnes Moorehead's the forthright farm woman who wants to sell her timber so that she and her niece can go to the city. Susan Morrow, as the niece, is so fresh and comely that even her slight awkwardness with dialogue is ingratiating. Older hands like Richard Arlen and William Demarest help to make the tense situations convincing, Arlen as the no-good brother who is Payne's burden, Demarest as the crippled veteran logger whose cocksureness gets the whole gang into trouble.

Verdict: Neat and breezy outdoor melo

✓✓✓

(F)

My Pal Gus

(20th Century-Fox)

To present Richard Widmark as a candy manufacturer engaged in bringing up a little son seems offbeat casting. But the part turns out to be typically Widmark, that of the cynic who finally sheds his shell. A self-made man, he's so intent on piling up more money that he has devoted too little time to his boy. A nursery-school

teacher (Joanne Dru) brings father and son closer together, and is quickly winning Widmark's heart when the boy's worthless mother (Audrey Totter) returns to make trouble. Many of the picture's heart-tugging devices are pretty obvious—but effective, thanks to Widmark's talent and the unaffected appeal of little, tough-guy George Winslow (baby baritone of "Room for One More").

Verdict: Engaging story of parental love

✓✓

(F)

Against All Flags

(U-I, Technicolor)

Even its makers seem to have had little respect for this pirate film, so carelessly it is slapped together. With such an approach, Errol Flynn is at home; he plays most of his roles as if confidentially telling the audience, "We all know this is a lot of nonsense." Here Errol's a British Navy officer who pretends to desert in order to carry on an undercover campaign against the pirates holed up on Madagascar. Maureen O'Hara swashbuckles through her lady-buccaneer assignment as if burlesquing her "Quiet Man" performance. Also on deck are Anthony Quinn as the villain of the piece and Alice Kelley as a nitwitted captive princess. Mildred Natwick, much too good an actress to waste her efforts on such goings-on, is seen as the Scottish governess to the princess and a bevy of harem beauties.

Verdict: Ramshackle melodrama of piracy

✓

(F)

Way of a Gaucho

(20th Century-Fox, Technicolor)

Inevitably, in a story of Argentina's cowboys, there's a strong resemblance to the traditional western. But something alien about the shapes of the magnificent Andes and the colors of the pampas tells you that you're thousands of miles from our own lone prairie. An American troupe headed by Gene Tierney and Rory Calhoun went to Argentina to film this re-creation of the gauchos' wild, free life, changed by the advent of law and order.

Rory's black-browed good looks make him visually believable as the hero whose rebellion against all discipline turns him into a hunted outlaw. But the illusion's smashed whenever his untrained voice is heard. Gene is romantically beautiful as the noble lady who shares the outlaw's misfortunes. The acting department is better taken care of by Everett Sloane, as Rory's sly companion, and Richard Boone, as a stern officer. Hugh Marlowe has little opportunity as Calhoun's closest friend, a gentle pampas-dweller.

Verdict: Stately-paced drama of Argentina

✓✓✓

(F)

continued from page 21

The Black Castle
(U-I)

The title's a complete tip-off on this mild chiller. Both in search of revenge, Richard Greene and Stephen McNally wander through an Austrian castle that's stylishly equipped with dungeons, a crocodile pit, a cage for the man-eating leopard, and corridors almost as labyrinthine as the plot. Though most of the action takes place in McNally's hideaway, those revenge motives date back to a past African hunting trip. Paula Corday, as McNally's unhappy wife, is the lady in distress, ripe for rescue. Naturally, Boris Karloff is on hand, but since he's gone soft and can no longer be depended upon for fiendish behavior, Lon Chaney looms up at intervals for extra menace.

Verdict: Not very horrible horror film
✓ (F)

The Raiders
(U-I, Technicolor)

Conventional in design, this western proceeds briskly through the adventures of despoiled settlers who turn bandits in order to ruin the claim-jumpers' leader. With appropriate grimness, Richard Conte plays the hero out to avenge the murder of his wife and brother. Viveca Lindfors' Scandinavian accent is supposed to sound Mexican, and she's further handicapped by an unbecoming hair-do and the chore of pleading with Conte to stop all this violence. What audience will sympathize with a girl who wants to bring the action to a standstill? Barbara Britton's an alternate



Conte hears Viveca beg for peace

heroine, innocent daughter of veteran villain Morris Ankrum, and William Bishop appears briefly as the honest sheriff duped by Ankrum.

Verdict: Solid fare for horse-opera fans
✓✓ (F)

Something wonderful happens



when you see
Samuel Goldwyn's
new musical wonderfilm
"HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN"

Something wonderful happens
because out of the romantic
life of the greatest storyteller
of them all . . . and from the fab-
ulous and unforgettable tales he told
. . . Samuel Goldwyn has created some-

thing more than a motion picture . . . some-
thing off the beaten path of entertainment
as we know it . . . a multi-million dollar
Technicolor musical that's all song and
dance and love and joy!

Yes, something wonderful hap-
pens—and it happens to you—
when you see

"Hans Christian Andersen"!



8 WONDERFUL SONG HITS!

"No Two People", "Anywhere I Wander",
"Thumbelina", "Wonderful Copenhagen"
...and more



SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S

Hans Christian Andersen

starring **DANNY KAYE**

and **FARLEY GRANGER • JEANMAIRE**

Directed by CHARLES VIDOR • Screenplay by MOSS HART
Words and Music by FRANK LOESSER • Choreography by ROLAND PETIT
Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES, INC.

COLOR BY **Technicolor**

Joey Walsh watches Danny Kaye (Hans) making ballet slippers for Jeanmaire, wife of Farley Granger



photoplay sneak previews:

“Hans Christian Andersen”

Around Hollywood they're saying that the new Goldwyn production, “Hans Christian Andersen,” is the last of the supercolossal productions, for it cost something like a colossal \$4,000,000 to make. The fact is, “Hans” will probably point the way to the most successful motion pictures of the future, for it is just what the public's been ordering in the way of entertainment. The picture has song, dance and spectacle, all woven into an appealing story. Not in any sense a screen biography, the movie is instead an attempt to catch on film the same delightful feeling listeners get in hearing Andersen's fairy tales.

Danny Kaye plays the title role, that of a cobbler run out of a small Danish town

in 1830 for contributing to the delinquency of children by telling them fairy tales. Going to Copenhagen, the ex-cobbler meets a ballerina (Jeanmaire) who makes him famous by interpreting his tales on the stage. Hans falls in love with the ballerina, but when he learns she is happily married to her director (Farley Granger), he returns to his native town. But his fame has spread everywhere now, and he is welcomed back as a hero.

Danny Kaye has ten new songs in the film, songs especially written for him by Frank Loesser, composer of “Slow Boat to China” and “Bushel and a Peck.” It's a very safe bet that at least three of the songs from “Hans” will be Hit Paraders.



A perfectionist, Farley rehearsed many weeks for his dancing scenes

Laughing Stock...

By
ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station.)

Talking about an actor known for his gigolo tactics, Frank Fontaine said, "He's a guy who dances check to check."

Marquee eye-opener:

"Three for Bedroom C"—"Clash by Night"

"Hollywood," says John Lucas, "is a place where it's easy to make money first and tough to make it last."

Jack Benny brought this story back from London: A reindeer went into a bar and ordered a scotch, which cost him a dollar. The bartender said, "It's very unusual seeing a reindeer in here." The animal snapped, "At these prices, you probably won't ever see one again."

Overheard at Ciro's:

He: What happened to that crazy blonde your husband used to run around with?

She: I dyed my hair!

Alan Wilson says he knows a psychiatrist who's treating so many emotional movie queens that he is going to enter his couch for an Academy Award.

A line from the script of "The Redhead from Wyoming" explains the shapely dance-hall girls who work for Maureen O'Hara:

"These may not be fallen women, but they've certainly done a lot of stumbling."

While in Paris, Milton Berle went to the Folies Bergère. When the nude beauties pranced out onto the stage, he turned and whispered to his companion, "You see—that's what the public wants—new faces!"



Bob Crosby makes a gag appearance with Brother Bing in "Road to Bali." Here's the gag: Bing and Dorothy Lamour are walking through the jungle when Bob jumps out from behind a tree carrying a big rifle.

"Now?" He asks Bing.

"Now," says Bing.

Bob points the gun into the air, fires, and immediately disappears into the jungle. Bing explains to the wide-eyed Dottie.

"I always promised my brother a shot in one of my pictures."

Sandpaper Hands feel *Caressable* in 10 Seconds!



Cashmere Bouquet *Hand Lotion*

Absorbs Like A Lotion . . . Softens Like A Cream!

Now—in just 10 seconds! . . . "Sandpaper Hands" are smoothed and softened to lovely "Caressable Hands" with lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion! Your thirsty skin seems to drink up Cashmere Bouquet—it dries without stickiness, leaves your hands so caressably smoother, softer, younger-looking! And of course, they're romantically scented with the famous Cashmere Bouquet "fragrance men love"!

NEW! Cashmere Bouquet
French Type **Non-Smear** Lipstick!



*Stays Moist!
Stays Bright!
Stays On!*



25¢ and 43¢



nothing
flatters
a girl
like a

Jantzen[®]
padded bra

...add this marvelous new Jantzen "plus bra" to your life...and suddenly you're wonderful...with lovely new curves...and lovely new rhythm...and the loveliest new pride in your figure. The "plus contours" are the lightest airfoam rubber built right in the bra, no ridges to show. Finest broadcloth or silky absorbent nylon, A and B cups, sizes 32 to 38...3.95...strapless 5.95.

Jantzen Foundations, Empire State Building, New York

What should I do?

YOUR LETTERS ANSWERED

Dear Miss Colbert:

I think my problem is a little different from most, but I feel you will be able to understand it. I'm twenty, my boy friend is overseas, and I work the night shift in a defense plant. We are both saving our money for the time he comes home and we can get married.

I explain all this so you will know that I am not interested in other romantic entanglements.

I ride in a car pool. The ride was lined up by a friend in my department whose brother is the driver. One night he asked me to stay in the car and talk awhile.

We talked about books, movies, world events, sports—everything. And I want you to know that was the limit of our friendship: conversation.

In talking to his sister one day, I learned that he was married and his wife was expecting a child. That night I asked the man why he had never talked about his home life, and he said it was because he and his wife didn't always get along well, but that airing one's domestic problems didn't solve anything, and was undignified.

Now I have been transferred to the day shift, so I no longer see this man. However, from getting to know him I feel that I know his wife and that I would enjoy her. I have learned that she is considered "difficult," but I think that is because people don't try to understand her, as I feel I do.

Do you think it would be all right for me to call on her some evening? She is alone a lot, of course, and I think she might welcome a new friend who could be sincere.

Althea W.

Dear Miss W:

I don't think you understand yourself. And I'm afraid that this man's wife might understand you all too well.

It seems to me that, subconsciously, you are in love with this man. This isn't your fault, and you shouldn't blame yourself; these things happen innocently sometimes. However, the more quickly you realize the situation, and eliminate him from your thoughts and life completely, the better off you are going to be.

The reason you want to meet his wife is based on the natural human compulsion to face and estimate the opposition. If you are wise, you will not call upon this man's wife or, in any way, evidence interest in him.

Each of us, at one time or another, has caught a glimpse of a wonderful experience that might have been. It's like a sunset: something to enjoy and remember, but nothing to own or keep.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I like your frankness in answering questions, so I've decided to come to you. I met my husband during the war and



BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

dated him only a month or two before he was sent overseas. I promised to write every day, and I was faithful in this for about a year. Then I met another boy whom I liked a lot and stopped writing to Maynard. Immediately he began to bombard me with letters, asking why I didn't write.

When he came back from overseas, he rushed me into marriage. I might have waited for Joe, except that he had never said anything about love or marriage. However, when I was carrying my second child, Joe came to see me and said he was sorry he hadn't spoken up before I was married, but at that time he had been confused about the future and—his own feelings.

In the meantime I had discovered that my husband was unreliable about money matters; we are in debt all the time, yet my husband buys anything he wants and slaps me when I complain.

I have no skill, outside of keeping house, so I would never be able to take care of myself and my three youngsters if I left my husband. Do you think I would be foolish to be thinking about Joe, and wondering if he might be the loving mate with whom I could rebuild my life?

From your experience with those who have written to you, can you see a solution?
Janice F.

Dear Mrs. F:

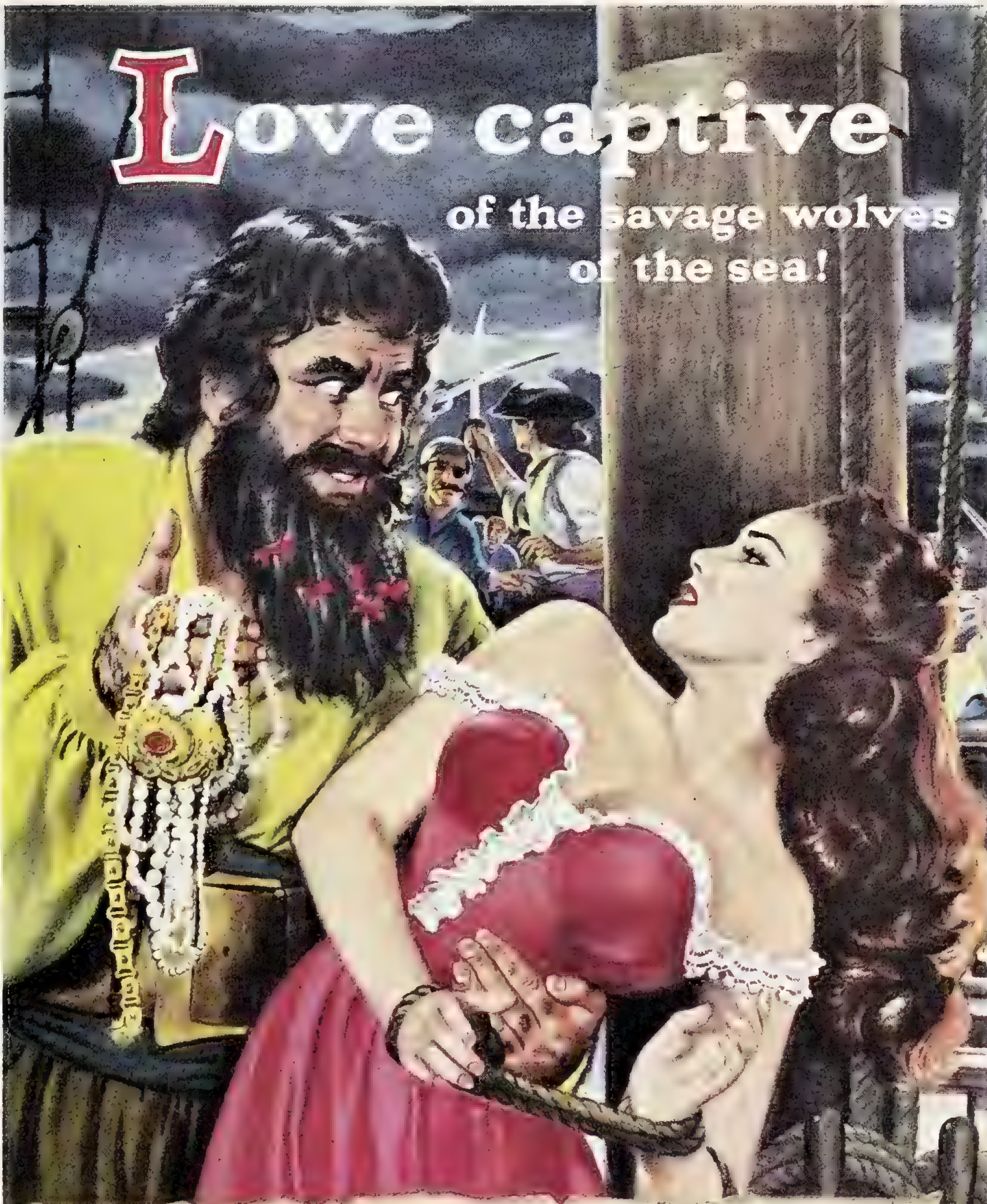
Have you ever heard of "extra-sensory" perception? It consists of one person being aware of the attitude of another without words having been spoken, without concise attitudes having been framed.

When your husband married you, I assume that he loved you very much. However, it is sensible to presume that almost from the first, you permitted yourself to think about the other man. Perhaps you thought, whenever some mannerism of your husband's annoyed you, "It would have been different with Joe."

Your husband may never have known, consciously, that a barrier existed between you, yet he must have become subconsciously aware of it, and he reacted in the only way in which many an ordinary man reacts: he became critical of you; he indulged himself; he tried in foolish ways to compensate for lack of the devoted unity, which is an essential part of happy marriage.

I believe you should bear in mind that it is easy for a single man to confess to a married woman that he wishes he had spoken up years earlier. It is easy flattery which costs him nothing, and usually has no basis in honorable intention.

At your age, you should have dismissed the idle dreams of a teenager. You have a husband, a home, three children. Your duty is clear. Why don't you re-read some of the letters your husband wrote to you when he was overseas? Why don't you dream of him, his good qualities, his (Continued on page 72)



Love captive
of the savage wolves
of the sea!

BLACKBEARD THE PIRATE

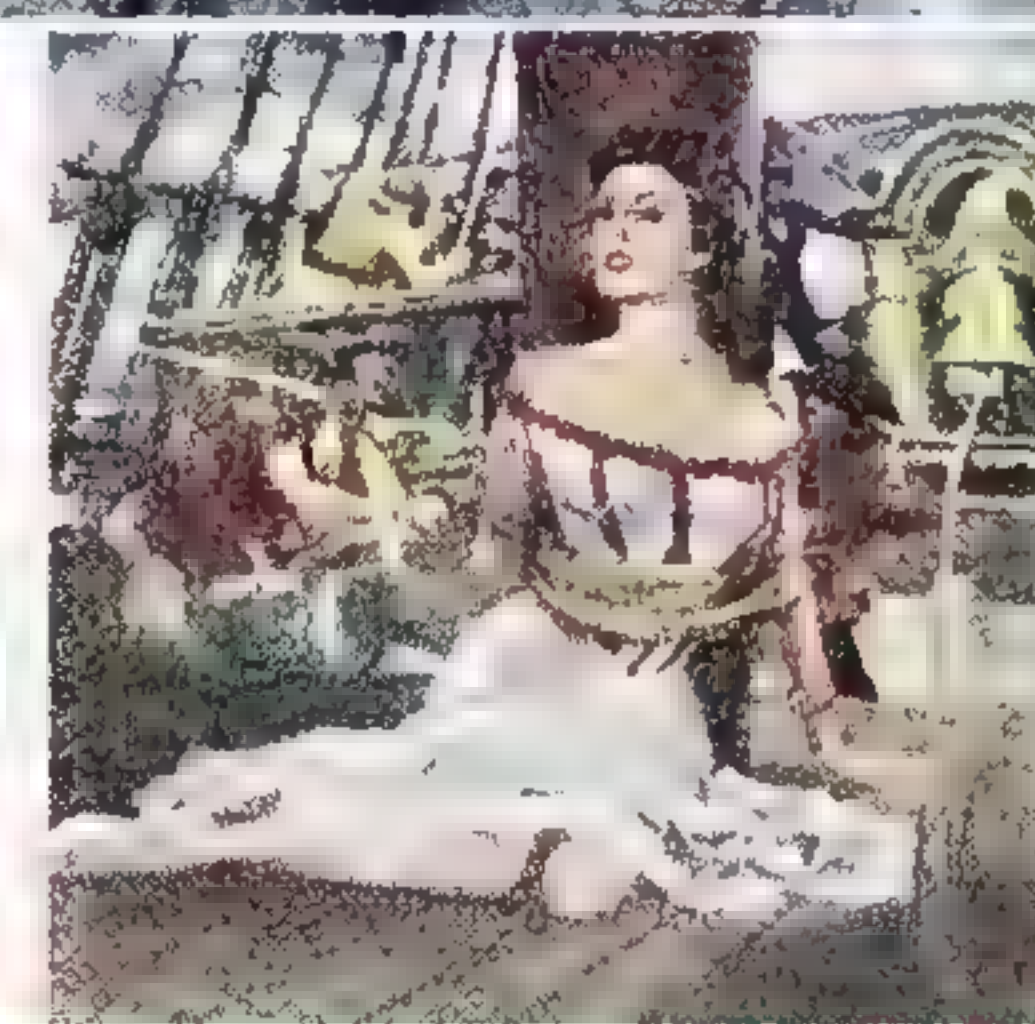
color by **TECHNICOLOR**
starring

ROBERT NEWTON
LINDA DARNELL · WILLIAM BENDIX

with **KEITH ANDES · ALAN MOWBRAY**
AN **EDMUND GRAINGER** PRODUCTION



Directed by **RAOUL WALSH** · Screenplay by **ALAN Le MAY** · Produced by **EDMUND GRAINGER**



"Evil Eye" Jares foe!

Stolen love!

Murder by mutiny!

Captive love prize!

DISTINCTIVE.

with a truly different flavor
and aroma — extra-mild
FATIMA continues to
grow in favor among
King-Size cigarette
smokers everywhere



YOU GET an extra-mild and soothing smoke
—plus the added protection of

FATIMA QUALITY

*it's
all
over
now...*



A few days after this picture was taken, Lana Turner and Fernando Lamas ended their engagement. "It's just one of those things," said Lana. "We're still friends, but as far as romance is concerned, that's out."

Only recently had Hollywood begun to suspect that a rift was inevitable. It was rumored that Fernando had said that he and Lana quarreled too much, that his primary interest was his career and he didn't feel that he could consider matrimony at this time.

There were also stories of Fernando's jealousy. At the Marion Davies party, he nearly came to blows

with another leading man who, he thought, was paying too much attention to Lana. Peace was made that evening. But the public announcement of the break-up followed the next day. Then Lana began stepping out with Lex Barker. Fernando squired Arlene Dahl.

M-G-M, where Lana and Lamas were due to co-star in "Latin Lovers," at first took no side, saying, "It is a personal matter between them." A few days later, however, the studio, wise to Hollywood romances—and feuds, announced a change of casting, Ricardo Montalban for Lamas as the Latin lover.

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

Inside Stuff



Stern

In the happiness corner: Joan Evans, at top, with new husband, Kirby Weatherly, adds a honeymoon glow to Joan Crawford's party

Mona Freeman, center, and Hedda Hopper relax at Motion Picture Relief Fund party. Hedda's now on tour plugging her new book

Ricardo Montalban, romantic in costume, welcomes Elaine Stewart to the "Sombrero" set. She's in "Everything I Have Is Yours"

Game called—until Marilyn takes her seat! The Monroe scored a hit when she appeared at Hollywood's "Out of This World Series" ballgame





Smith

Beauty at the feast: In balloon-decked tent backstage, Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman head for buffet table at Ice Follies party

Strictly Stag: Both Robert Wagner and Craig Hill now occupy their first bachelor apartments. Bob "left home" when his parents moved out of the city. He's doing his own decorating, and going modern. Craig's place is Early American, but he says, "subject to change without notice" . . . Until he returns from making that movie in Europe, Rock Hudson won't know he's a proud "father." Six baby kittens were born in his—bathtub! . . . Tab Hunter's buying a diamond engagement ring on the installment plan. "It isn't for anyone in particular," he philosophizes. "I want to be prepared—just in case!"

Without Onions: It happened when Bob Hope returned from a sensational personal appearance in London's Palladium.

While he was away, great additions and alterations took place at his home in North Hollywood. As he drove up and got his first gander at the improvements, he cracked: "Some joint. I wonder if I can get a quick hamburger!" Since then Bob refers to his little nest as—a million-dollar drive-in!

Hands Across The Sea: We were right. Doris Day didn't mind a bit when we gave William Holden her new private phone number. In fact, Doris was thrilled. "I just want you to know what you mean to the fellows in Korea," said Bill, who just returned, to Doris. "Practically every man asked for you and they worship what you represent back here at home." Bill extracted our promise that we wouldn't give him personal publicity. However, he's so tireless in his efforts

More Pictures

Meet the newcomers, as they meet each other—and the favorites of



Past winner Jeff Chandler and his wife hear latest filmtown gossip from Master of Ceremonies Ty Power



Top winner among the men, Tab Hunter shared his triumph with pretty date, Gloria Gordon. They're steady twosome



A thrilled Lori Nelson, chosen top actress, just had to have her parents "share this honor with me." Center is Lori's date Palmer Lee

to recruit more stars for visiting our fighting boys on the battlefronts of Korea, we just *have* to hold him up as a shining example.

Tomorrow's Twinklers: Highlights on Photoplay's party for the "Choose Your Star" winners: Tab Hunter discovering through conversation with Ursula Thiess, that she and his mother were born in the same European city . . . The very thrilled Lori Nelson explaining, "I brought my parents to the party because I wanted them to share this honor with me" . . . Arthur Franz telling Gene Barry that his beautiful wife (Adele Longmire) was home with a cold, with Gene opining his wife was home baby-sitting! . . . Elaine Stewart modeling the dress she made herself for the special occasion, while Helene Stanley and her boy friend voiced their approval . . . Joan Taylor proudly introducing her husband, Leonard Freeman, and plugging his role opposite Joyce Holden in "Girls in the Night" . . . Dawn Addams obviously not perturbed by the news that she and M-G-M are parting company . . . Beverly Michaels clutching the coveted scroll presented by Tyrone Power, as she clutched her handsome boy friend, Russell Rouse, who brilliantly directed "The Thief" . . . Barbara Ruick, a lady in red, on the arm of handsome Robert Horton who looked in the pink . . . Keith Andes wondering if RKO will allow him to accept that

fabulous offer from Rogers and Hammerstein for a Broadway musical . . . Rusty Tamblyn, Dean Miller, and Michael Moore joining the others in a gallant toast to Zsa Zsa Gabor, Joan Rice, Hildegard Neff, Oscar Werner, and John Forsythe, who were away making movies, some as far from home as France and Germany.

Relative-ly Speaking: When John Wayne's mother suffered a slight heart attack recently, one of the first persons to reach her bedside was John's *other* wife, Josephine, who has always been the favorite daughter-in-law . . . Insiders believe there's a strong possibility of Ann Blyth becoming Dennis Day's sister-in-law. Every time anyone asks the beautiful one about Dr. Jim McNulty—she turns a nice pretty pink!

Scarlet Sister: Former-actor, new-producer Ross Hunter wins the fur-lined "Oscar" when it comes to enthusiasm. Cal was practically carried into the projection room to see the Technicolor tests of Ann Sheridan's twenty-four gowns for "Vermilion O'Toole." No wonder Ross was ranting! The stream-lined Sheridan looks sensational as the small town shady lady, and a whole new career is bound to open up for her. Incidentally, the picture opens on a close-up of Annie swinging her bustle, as a voice with gee-tar accompaniment sings, "The Tale of Vermilion O'Toole!" Watch for this one.

other years—at Photoplay's party for "Choose your Star" winners



A favorite pair are Bob Horton and Barbara Ruick. And a romantic item, too!



Blonde and beautiful Beverly Michaels couldn't keep her good news to herself—just had to tell everyone about her new contract with Universal-International



Arthur Franz, a current favorite, is congratulated by last year winner Bob Wagner, whose date, of course, is sparkling Debbie Reynolds

Hep And Handsome: The Barrymores have always been gifted with a great sense of humor and sister Ethel is no exception. Recently she made one of her rare appearances at a small Hollywood party. Unexpectedly, an invited guest showed up with Johnnie Ray in tow. When the sobbin' singer was introduced to the great lady of the theatre, she looked at him with a twinkle in her eye and drily said: "Well for cryin' out loud!" We love that woman.

Today's Target: Fortunately for Joan Evans, she has a wise head on those pretty shoulders and can take what *isn't* coming to her. Still in the rainbow-hued stage of marriage, Joanie awakened one morning to read in one column that she was having a baby. A second "inside" source wanted the world to know that the honeymoon was over, that the bride and groom were exchanging nasty words. This method of "creating news" is an old familiar story in Hollywood. For the record, she isn't "expecting" and the Kirby Weatherlys are the happiest kids in town.

Polite Conversation: John Carroll, who's only made one picture this year, still has his wonderful sense of humor. Making polite conversation at a Hollywood party, Cesar Romero asked him if he was working. With a raised eyebrow and an incredulous tone to his voice, John shouted, "Working? Are

you kidding! Last week I got canceled out of a *benefit!*" John, no mean singer of songs himself, shared his home with Mario Lanza during one period of Lanza's studio squabbles.

Party Palaver: Cal asked for it—and got it! The Gig Youngs and the Don Siegels (Viveca Lindfors) threw a party for the newly-married Zachary Scotts. "Tell us just one Marlon Brando story," we prodded Edmond O'Brien, who played opposite the stage star in M-G-M's "Julius Caesar." Good friend Eddie fastened a beady eye. "Brando's a fine actor, a serious artist and he's going to be great in the picture," he cryptically said. "Now what *else* do you want to know?" There was only one more thing: "Where is the nearest exit?"

Set Of The Month: Esther Williams was drying out in her dressing room when Cal visited the "Dangerous When Wet" set. Things looked mighty dull until—Denise Darcel walked in! Denise plays a French channel swimmer in this one, but let her tell you about it. "I lose thirty pounds but they still have to put zee skirt on my bathing zoot. You see, I'm everywhere else where Esther isn't!" How did she lose that weight? "For zee first time I am really in love," she sighed. "I can't eat, I don't sleep." (He's a business man. His name is Bill.) Just as we left, Jack Carson asked the French filly if she really could swim. "Swim?" (Continued on page 69)

Kathryn
Grayson

The saucy tinkle of sleigh bells on a frosty night . . .
black-eyed Susans in a frilly boudoir . . . fireworks in the Garden of
Eden . . . purple shadows on a green lawn . . . impertinent angel

Photograph by Apger: Katie's in "The Desert Song"





Photograph by Kornman: Rory's next in "Powder River"

Mood music with Irish lyrics . . . the spicy tang of pine forests . . .
logging boots on a dance floor . . . the emerald depths of
a mountain lake . . . flapjacks at Romanoff's . . . disciplined dynamo

rory
calhoun

Marilyn Monroe tells

Many conflicting stories have appeared about Marilyn in the past few months. Here she talks frankly and fearlessly, refuting the fiction with startling fact

UNTOLD STORY NO. 3

● Every time Marilyn Monroe picks up a newspaper or a magazine these days, she crosses her fingers. Because she never knows what wild-eyed tale she's likely to read about herself. America's "best undressed woman" hits the public press more often, with more pictures and more prose, than any other personality in the world. But a lot of the things that are being written about her, she says, are far from the truth.

"Let's get to the bottom of it," I said to her, as we sat down to thrash it all out, "so we can give the true low-down on your private life for a change."

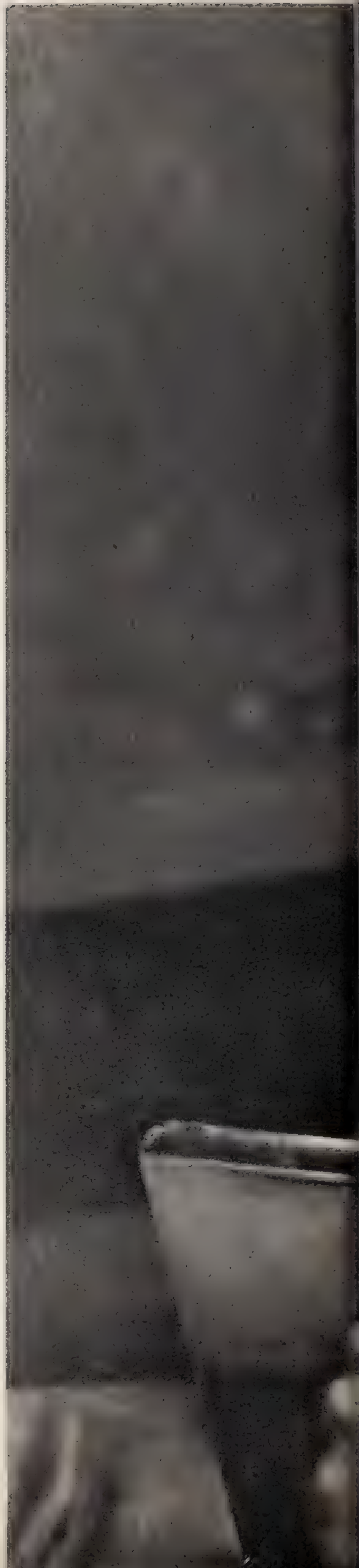
"Nothing would suit me better," was Marilyn's reply. "There is very little one can do about printed untruths, unless some one like you comes along and gives me a chance to straighten things out. And right now is a wonderful time to do just that."

"Well," I said, "I'm going to start with something a little ticklish. Did you know that your ex-sister-in-law is trying to sell all sorts of stories about you around Hollywood?"

Marilyn nodded: "Yes, I know. I read about it. That's the way I learn most things about me, true or untrue—by reading the newspapers. So I investigated and found out that one publication had bought a story from her, but that another magazine had turned down another story she wanted to sell them, because they didn't want to print anything about me that wasn't firsthand."

"You see, my sister-in-law hardly knew me at all. And I knew her very little when I was married to Jim Dougherty. She was married at that time, and had three children. And we were all busy, so we had little or no contact. She is married to another man now (I didn't know her name was Nelson until you told me), and I understand that he is a writer of sorts. They need money pretty badly, probably, and I guess she thinks this is a good way to get some."

There was not a trace of rancor in Marilyn's voice as she said this. It was a simple statement of fact—as direct and as frank as her answer when she was first questioned about posing in the nude for that calendar. Remember? She said then, "I was hungry and the fifty dollars I earned paid my board at the Studio Club. They had been carrying me along way past the time limit. (Continued on page 85)



the truth to Hedda Hopper





"I'm telling this because I know
there are a lot of other guys and girls
who handicap themselves
with this same shyness"

BY

Rock Hudson



"I was the shyest guy in town"

● The first time I ever played a love scene, true to all movie tradition, was also the first time I'd met the leading lady. She was pretty and witty and a star.

I was nobody, but when the script told me to kiss her I did. Very gladly and quite good, I thought.

She said, "If you ever dare do that again, I'll scratch your eyes out."

"Do what?" I mumbled, terrified.

"Upstage me," she laughed. "Don't you dare."

The picture was "Peggy." The star's name was Diana Lynn. Somebody quickly explained to Diana that I honestly didn't know what the word "upstage" meant. And that was the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

We can both laugh about it now—but then, and it was only a couple of years ago, I could hardly say a word.

I was too shy. Sounds silly, doesn't it? But I grew up being shy.

I came to Hollywood in the same dumb stage. I was just out of the Navy. I'd saved up the last two months of my discharge pay to get the fare to Los Angeles. All I wanted to do was to get into the movies—but I was afraid to admit it. I got a job in downtown Los Angeles and I was sure everybody would laugh if I asked how you got to the part of town that is Hollywood.

So help me, it took me six weeks to find that out. Then when I finally did get "discovered" I kept on being so timid, both socially and before the camera, I nearly lost out. If a pal on the Universal-International lot hadn't tipped me off that either I landed a big part in "The Iron Man" or I was through, I wouldn't be telling this yarn.

But I am telling it because I know there are a lot of other guys and girls who handicap themselves with this same shyness. So let me give you this fast commercial: If I could get over being shy, anybody can.

There's another step involved, too, but let's take the first one first.

In case somebody is snorting, "How can a big ox like Rock Hudson be shy?" let me answer that it comes easy—very easy to anybody oversized. Particularly when you're growing up.

That's because you grow up and up and up. From the time you're seven, you're the biggest thing in your class—and they expect your brains to (Continued on page 83)



"In case somebody is snorting, 'How can a big ox like Rock Hudson be shy?' let me answer that it comes easy—very easy"



**Joan
Crawford**



**Jane
Wyman**



**Hedy
Lamarr**

Dolls Without Guys

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

In Hollywood, a girl's best

● I'm looking at a statistic which says there are 77,600 more single men than single women in Los Angeles. I don't believe it. Unless they are all bunched downtown in L. A., leaving Hollywood an arid female desert where girls outnumber men, a dime a dozen. It's the only way to account for so many dolls at so many parties without hide nor hair of a male beside them. Especially in the upper echelons of movieland. Fine for the men. Revolting for the women.

Rita Hayworth, for instance, was as lonely as her last audience, before Prince Aly made with the sweet talk for a spell. She'd had a few dates with those very much in demand men-about-town, Cy Howard, Kirk Douglas and Dickie Greene. But the list of ladies was so long on their busy little schedules that Rita sometimes had



**Barbara
Stanwyck**



**Ginger
Rogers**



**Pat
Neal**

friend isn't a diamond. It's someone who knows an extra man!

to wait in line for her turn. So Aly's temporary dash to her side was as welcome as rain in the desert.

Joan Crawford marks time with men without complications, like Mel Dinelli and Cesar Romero. But she keeps a weather eye open all the time for a man she can call her own permanently.

When Joan gives a party, she makes sure of avoiding the usual three-gals-to-one-guy situation, by combing surrounding counties to stock the stag line. When she gave a party recently for the Stanley Marcuses of Dallas, Joan sent as far as San Francisco for good looking men. No wonder movie maidens scramble for invites to Joan's swelegant soirées.

Remember that joint party thrown by Gary Cooper and his so-called estranged wife, Rocky? Well, Mrs.

Cooper, a real stickler for place cards and party protocol, scanned the invitation list and screamed, "Gary, for heaven's sake, don't you know any extra men?" The Coop was toiling at Warners at the time, so he checked all the men without wives at the studio—and came up with Steve Cochran.

"I don't know him," hemmed Rocky, "but," quickly, as Gary was crossing Steve off, "I'll invite him. We need *men*." So in came Steve, the night of the party, an hour late, and, as if that wasn't enough, he had a doll on his arm—Ginger Rogers, no less. Rocky wished up another place card, but her man-woman, man-woman seating was completely ruined. And I haven't heard of Mr. Cochran being invited again.

Ginger, on again off again (Continued on page 80)



*What
Hollywood
Is
Whispering
About*

Ava and Frankie

**by
Florabel Muir**

● The whispers have turned to shouts—and raucous shouts at that. And the cinema cynics who, two months ago, were called crepe hangers when they predicted that Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner would not be Mr. and Mrs. by the end of 1953, are now being hailed as prophets and wise men. After the series of volatile blowups that punctuated their marriage during the last months of 1952, Frankie and Ava would have to be miracle workers to keep from winding up in the divorce courts before Ava's worn out her trousseau.

Even the most pessimistic—and the most highly imaginative—of the observers of this rocky romance would never have guessed that one of the wildest tiffs would involve Lana Turner, who, by the kind of coincidence only Hollywood takes for granted, is also an ex-wife of Ava's ex-husband, Artie Shaw.

Ava and Lana, both hurt and lonely—Lana over the breakup of her romance with Fernando Lamas, and Ava over the friction in her marriage—had turned to each other for friendship and understanding. With Frank in Hollywood working on a TV show, Ava invited Lana home to Palm Springs. Frank, the story goes, returned to find the girls there, with Ava's agent, Benton Cole. Accounts of the incident vary; one report was that the two girls had been "cutting him up conversationally," so Frank simply ordered them all out.

At the time of this writing, anything is possible in this volcanic marriage. And no matter what does come to pass, it's easy, as you examine the romance step by step, to see that trouble was foredestined.

When Frankie and Ava were first married, the illusion they created of being happy honeymooners was perfect. They held hands and gazed into each other's eyes as if they were so in love they couldn't wait to be alone. But when they were alone, their ardor (*Continued on page 70*)



What Hollywood Is Whispering About

Esther and Ben

By Eve Ford

- "They just seem completely bored with each other."
"She won't listen to *anybody*!"

"When they go out for an evening of fun he usually ends up by making someone angry."

That's the sort of thing Hollywood is saying about Esther Williams and her husband, Ben Gage. Hollywood rumor often has had Esther and Ben on the point of separation. This rumor hits full force about once every year, and recently three columnists had the Gages ready to call their marriage quits. Career troubles had finally been too much for them.

But career troubles were one of the things Esther and Ben considered seriously when they were first

married. Early in their marriage, Esther said, "We have no career complications. Ben is great in his own field—radio. And he's very understanding about the problems and the demands in mine. The only thing that gives us any trouble is the fact that my work demands that I travel a lot for personal appearances. But Ben understands this and has adjusted himself to it. He refuses to let us be separated. Between radio shows, he just gets on a plane and joins me. The day he stopped flying to me, I'd stop going."

Hollywood gossip, however, points out that Ben's radio career is a thing of the past, that more and more his activities are tied up with Esther's, dependent upon

*Caribbean
Capitol*



her decisions. His position is no match for the glamour of Esther's position as a Number One money-making star on the M-G-M lot. And no man likes playing second fiddle—hence all the recurring rumors of trouble between Esther and Ben.

Reports of Ben's behavior in public have done little to cement any belief that he and Esther could be happily married . . . and right there seems to be the root of the trouble. For each time a columnist hears of a public incident involving Ben and Esther, the report that they're heading for separation and eventual divorce is rushed into type.

Not long ago when Ben was reported to have en-

livened the scene at a Beverly Hills restaurant by insulting other diners, a close friend of the Gages said, "It's perfectly natural. He has to assert himself in public one way or another. And in spite of what you may read in the papers, Esther understands this."

At one time, Ben probably envisioned their restaurant, The Trails, as the locale for a show which he would produce and perform in as a singing star. But during the months and years of its operation, it has become an eating place, which Ben manages, and not a showcase for himself.

"Esther likes to give the impression that she knows nothing about the dollar (Continued on page 86)



The Jeff Chandlers behave like newlyweds in public—but still have those definite differences of opinion



Rumors continue to fly about both the Dean Martins and the Jerry Lewises—but neither of the comics finds the gossip routine amusing

What Hollywood Is Whispering About

Are These Troubled Twosomes?



Are the Ty Powers really headed for trouble—or is it just that Linda Christian loves raising Hollywood eyebrows?



Ingrid Bergman and Rossellini deny those new rumors—but reports indicate that the Roman “wars” are by no means over!

By Corrine Bailey

● “Well!” exclaimed one of Hollywood’s better-known starlets. From a ringside table, she was taking in the view at one of Hollywood’s better-known night clubs. “Well, really!” she said.

“Really, what?” inquired her escort.

“See? Over there. Jeff Chandler and his wife. He just leaned over and kissed her cheek.”

“That’s nice.”

“But they’re supposed to be fighting. They’re about to separate. Why, *everybody* knows Marge is practically on her way to Reno.”

Don’t look now, but there goes another rumor. As far as the Jeff Chandlers are currently concerned, it’s going straight out the window. But from time to time, it will crop up again as it has in the past.

Because they are two definite personalities, Jeff and Marge Chandler will always share a difference of opin-

ion upon occasions, and invariably these differences will bring whispered hints of trouble brewing. When it happens, the Chandlers become automatic targets for the gossip columnists, and this they fully realize.

Once, after a quarrel, they went so far as to separate. And when they reconciled, few expected it to last. Since the reconciliation, however, the bond between these two has deepened and strengthened. A vacation at Laguna Beach, away from studio pressure, gave them uninterrupted time to say all the things that should have been said before this. At the present time, they’re behaving like newlyweds. Following a recent party, Jeff and Marge ended up at Judy Garland’s house for scrambled eggs and some of Judy’s special brand of singing. The Chandlers held hands as they listened. Occasionally, when Judy sang a love ballad, the big fellow leaned over and pressed his cheek (Continued on page 87)

A couple of characters, that's
Debbie Reynolds, who goes from gamin
to grownup with endearing results



BY IDA ZEITLIN

S P E R S O N A L I T Y



● "Come on, drink it. Don't be snooty, or your old mother'll hit you in the head," said Debbie, addressing her dog. She shoved a bowl of water under its nose, and tied it to the chair-leg with a rope. "Because those old leashes cost so much," she explained the rope. "Imagine, three dollars for a collar, three for a leash. Practically my whole allowance, and she chews it up. Let her chew rope, which doesn't cost a thing. It's the studio's rope."

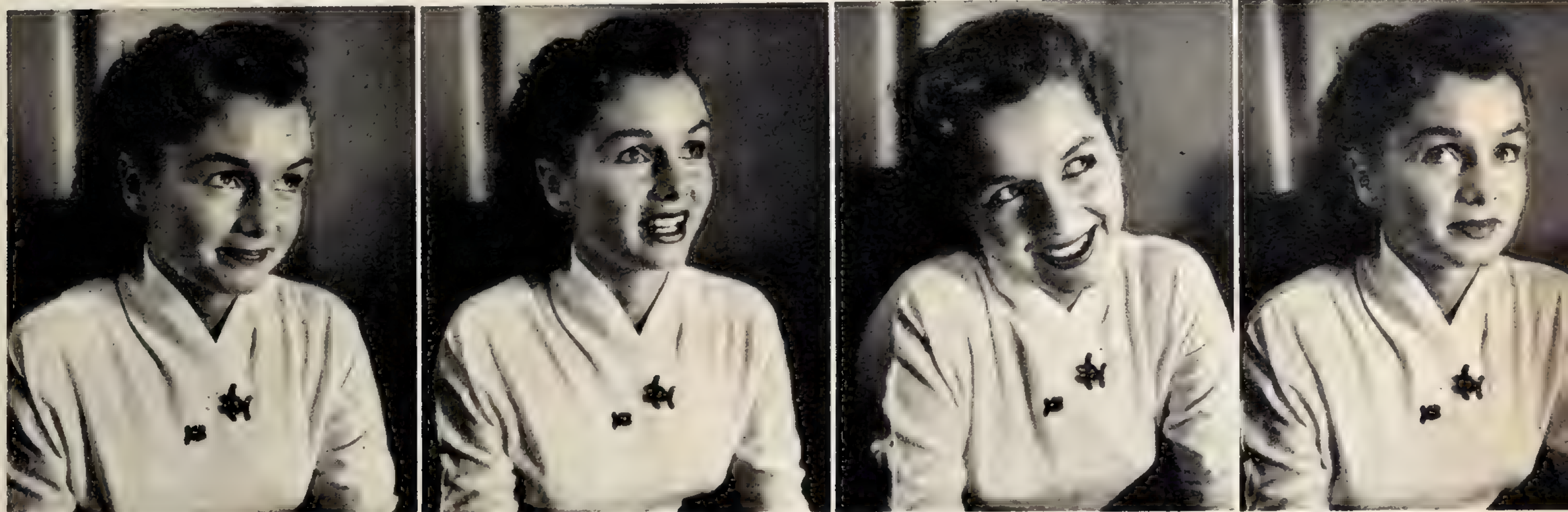
The poodle dunked a paw into the bowl. Debbie bent down and quickly undunked it. "Now you're going to catch pneumonia or something—and who's got time to soothe your foolish brow? Settle down, thing."

The pup settled. So did Debbie. She'd been rehearsing dance routines for the Marge and Gower Champion musical, "Give a Girl a Break," and this was her lunch hour. A sandwich in one hand, a mammoth carrot in the other punctuated her discourse. Through the sunlit strip between sound stages, people came and went. At times she'd tip her carrot in salute. At times she'd be too deep in talk to notice. It made no difference. Sighting the green-eyed elf in the canvas chair, each face cracked into a wide warm grin.

Meet Miss Reynolds and you're meeting a pair of characters. One's the kid Gene Kelly was talking about



PHOTOPLAY'S FEATURE
ATTRACTION



when he said: "There's nobody younger than Debbie. Not even my daughter and she's nine." The other's a twenty-year-old, whose maturity of outlook would do credit to many of her elders. Debbie the First chews gum with abandon, pines for a monkey 'round the house and greets star-stuff with, "Hi, glamour boy, I say that laughingly." Debbie the Second hates being called wonderful. "I never believe a person when they tell me stuff like that. It's too much praise. Anything too much is no good."

The two Misses Reynolds make a combination as natural as a mountain spring and equally refreshing.

Words tumble from her in a rainbow stream of gaiety, yet they are laced with common sense. It's not her wit that endears her to people, but her spontaneity. Unselfconscious as a puppy, she wouldn't know a complex if it brought a letter from Freud. Given the chance, she'd flop on her stomach with a queen and dish as cozily as with a girl friend. She can't understand being ill at ease with people. "You are what you are, and there's nothing you can do about it."

Only on one occasion did the cat get her tongue. Standing outside the studio commissary, all of a sudden without any preparation, there (Continued on page 76)



Squeaky set Piper back five dollars at the pound—and turned out to be a thoroughbred! Sashay is Squeaky's daughter

*Color photographs
by Stern and Smith*



IS LOVE FOR LAURIE?

Piper gives you the answers to
all those romantic rumors.
Then brings into the picture
someone the gossips missed!

BY RUTH WATERBURY



● Hollywood talks of the four major romances in Piper Laurie's life wondering which one of them holds the key to her blithe young heart.

Piper, herself, mentions a fifth one. Not that she calls it a romance any more than she does the other four. But this much is true: this fifth name is the only one that brings stars to her voice and a gleam to her eyes. And the absolutely crazy part of it is, that this boy has never once given her a tumble, since junior high days, when she first spotted him and swooned over him, right up until now, when he lives a few doors down the street from her—and isn't even aware of it.

The four men Hollywood talks about are Leonard Goldstein, the producer; Dick Anderson, the actor; David Schine, the heir to a hotel fortune, and Charles Simonelli, a New York movie executive. And a lot of people are also remembering that Vic Damone had quite a crush on Piper, before Uncle Sam got him. Since Vic is about to be out of uniform, he may re-activate this claim shortly.

The one Piper talks about with the most excitement is the boy named Rick.

But she was reluctant to discuss the subject at all, when I hunted her down one (*Continued on page 75*)





Burt's father, Jim

He did his share of smashing windows and being chased by the cops, but no matter what Burt was up to—it was always fun being his dad

● I've heard Burt tell interviewers, "I was a very unpleasant little boy." And some people around Hollywood say (not to my face!) that Burt as a man is a bristly sort of character, hard to get along with.

As Burt's dad, I suppose I'm prejudiced, but I have plenty of facts at hand to give you a better idea of what my son's really like. There's a lot about the man Burt is now that keeps reminding me of a towheaded little boy with a *Buster Brown* haircut—yep, bangs! (It was his mother's idea, and Burt put up with it for three or four years.) There's a lot about Burt today that reminds me of a lanky kid with hair that seemed to have been combed with an eggbeater. (Burt threw away his comb when his mother died—just used his fingers after that.)

Was Burt a bad boy? I don't think so. Sure, he did his share of smashing windows and being chased by cops, but that was par for the course on our block—East 106th Street between Second and Third Avenues in New York City. Maybe I shouldn't be contradicting my son. You ever take him on in an argument? Well, don't. One Sunday when he was a youngster, his brother Jim got to arguing with him over a baseball game. Jim said the ball was out. Burt said it wasn't, and emphasized the point by conking Jim on the noggin with the bat. That taught Jim never to argue with his brother again.

Burt's never outgrown his love of arguing—in the family circle and among friends, that is. When he first came to Hollywood, I hear, he used to sound off on his purely personal opinions. Probably that didn't make him too popular in some quarters. But since then, he has learned to guard his tongue. Not that he's afraid of free speech—he just realizes that any strongly pronounced opinion on any subject is bound to hurt some people in a large group, leading to useless wrangling or outright quarrels. Now he's careful to know the company he's in before he starts spouting.

He's changed in another way since (Continued on page 81)

“I’ll

bet

on

Burt”

by

Jim Lancaster



Photograph by Six: Virginia's next is "The Iron Mistress"

*Virginia
Mayo*

Lady Godiva without her horse . . . a cloudless summer day . . .
rare steak and strawberry sodas . . . provocation in technicolor
. . . white violets on a golden cushion . . . hearthside pinup girl



Photograph by Powolny: Jeff's in "Sailor of the King"

*Jeff
Hunter*

Varsity dreamboat . . . a rustic cabin in the woods . . . white
sails against an azure sky . . . sporting prints in a booklined den . . .
a Cole Porter ballad on a spinet . . . talent without temperament



Jane Powell's Demi-Tasse is a demi-demon specializing in creating confusion. But to Jane she is queen of the household



Life's purr-fect for Chata when Suzan Ball takes her for a really fast drive!

GLAMOUR PUSSES

The stars may rate the spotlight in public, but in their homes it's the cinema kitties who make the mews!

BY BETH BROWN



The fun's occidental when Jane Russell comes home from the set to have a romp with her kings from Siam, Ming and Buddha



Dusty is only a neighbor—a fact he ignores. He picked Anne Bancroft's home as his very own

● Opinion's fairly unanimous that Hollywood movie stars are possibly the most pampered creatures in the world. That may or may not be the case. But the stars will tell you that there is one breed of beast who gets more attention, more kowtowing, more special treatment than they could ever hope for. Just ask the star who owns a cat. Or rather, who is owned by one.

In Hollywood, as everywhere else, once a cat takes over, she rules the roost with an iron paw. And anybody who doesn't want to play the cat's way might as well throw in the chips. Kitty's Queen! And that's that!

The divine right to rule applies to all cats—from the scruffiest stray to the highest-bred Persian. And their human subjects—from a street urchin to Hollywood's most glamorous glamour gal—seem to dote on being tyrannized.

The list of movie-town cat slaves is a long one—Ida Lupino, Jane Powell, Liz Taylor, Ethel Barrymore, Deborah Kerr, Rita Hayworth, Jane Russell, Liz Scott, Linda Darnell, James Mason, and dozens of others "sensitive and discerning enough"—their words—"to appreciate living with a cat."

The breeds are as varied as their owners. One of Hollywood's most royally pedigreed pussies is Ramádhpati, who has condescended to move in with Greer Garson. Rama, as Greer calls him, has a penchant for motoring. And no matter how busy Greer is, she takes him out for a daily auto ride. But one day, her schedule was so heavy that she just couldn't make it. She (Continued on page 73)



The fur would fly if Joe knew that Marlon Brando is partial to his pet raccoon, Russell

Ann Blyth took one look at her Persian's Irish green eyes and knew he was a born Mickey

Valeska





Kasper

INTRODUCING...

The Photoplay Star

The little star you have been seeing in PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS is suddenly real. Now it's more than a picture: it's an exciting piece of rhinestone jewelry that you can wear a hundred lovely ways—a perfect, basic accessory. The secret of its many uses is in the little catch closing at the tip of one of its points: it can be clipped to your bracelet or watch, to a necklace chain or ribbon, or slipped onto a bar pin, pinned to your scarf, your shoulder, your pocket or belt or bag. (See the ways five stars wear it on the following pages.) Above you see it magnified to five times its size, and at left, it's shown actual size. It's a little less than one inch long and wide, covered on both sides with sparkling rhinestones.

The Photoplay Star is both a jewel and a symbol. *It means glamorous good fashion!* It's the wearable symbol of your PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS . . . your guide to good style. Here on these pages every month, you'll find the very latest fashions—selected for you by the stars—at prices everyone can afford. And to make your fashion news even more exciting and fun, the movie stars themselves will wear the fashions *and* The Star, in every fashion photo shown in Photoplay. Copy the wonderful ways the stars wear *their* Stars . . . and dream up your own imaginative ways! Watch Photoplay for fashion . . . and watch for The Star when you shop. You'll see it pictured on the tags attached to all the styles you see here, tags that read, "A PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHION."

*The Photoplay Star, by Coro, \$2 plus tax. See page 79 for where to buy.

PHOTOPLAY'S STAR FASHIONS:
Starring Accessories

Willinger

**Featuring Photoplay's
 FIVE-STAR DRESS ***

ACCESSORIZED five ways by five new stars . . . which star-type are you?

- ★ **Career Girl** Lori Nelson
- ★ **Sophisticate** . . . Beverly Michaels
- ★ **Outdoor Girl** . . . Elaine Stewart
- ★ **Cinderella** Barbara Ruick
- ★ **Demure** Dawn Addams

Lori wears the dress to work with its own chiffon scarf and three dazzling NEW Photoplay Stars pinned on with a Coro bar pin. Her new 1953 daytime accessories: Madcaps rose felt cloche; Coronet long, slim navy calf bag, both, under \$13; Wear Right blonde cotton gloves, under \$4; Speyer blonde hide belt with real watch, under \$9; navy calf Beck pumps, \$6.99. Lori's next picture: "Ma and Pa Kettle at Waikiki"

*Basic pink wool jersey coat-dress by Jerry Gilden, under \$18. 10-18





Photos by Engstead

Sophisticate Beverly Michaels, new Universal star, wears the dress to *Cairo*, dramatically accented with black for cocktail time. Fringed velvet stole by Glentex, about \$5; rhinestone-studded velveteen cocktail hat, Madcaps, under \$7; Dawnelle cotton shorties with gold kid bracelet cuff, about \$7; Beck black velvet sandals, \$6.99; and Coro rhinestone drop earrings and bracelet, about \$2 and \$4 plus tax



Demure Dawn Addams, in M-G-M's "*Plymouth Adventure*," uses the dress as a spring coat. Red felt feather hat, Betmar, \$9; polka dot cotton Dawnelle shorties, \$4; bronze patent contour belt, Speyer, under \$3; calf opera pumps, Queen Quality, \$12.95. She clips the Star to her Deltah choker, which comes in her tortoise shell carryette, both, \$12.75. Deltah earrings, \$1 plus tax. Pink umbrella, N. Y. Umbrella Co., \$5



Cinderella Barbara Ruick of M-G-M's "Apache War Smoke" wears the dress to Grauman's Chinese Theatre, giving it glamour with Speyer elasticized gold mesh belt, under \$3; Madcaps black-dyed Russian fox muff, under \$40, and sequin hat, under \$8; Beck gold kid sandals, \$6.99; Dawnelle gloves, \$5; and LaTausca pearl 'n gold earrings, \$2, choker, \$5, bib, \$6 plus tax



Outdoor-Girl Elaine Stewart of M-G-M's "The Bad and the Beautiful" makes the same dress completely casual with Speyer three-in-one cowhide belt, under \$3; Wear Right string gloves, \$1.95; Coronet russet leather satchel bag, \$10.95 plus tax; Betmar wool jersey stocking cap, about \$5; Atlas copper heraldic bracelet and earrings, \$2 each plus tax; Beck patent stripling shoe, \$5.99. Elaine pins a Photoplay Star jauntily to her cap

★
photoplay star lingerie

Climb a stairway ...to a star figure!



Kasper

Take the star-lift for your basic lesson in million-dollar glamour . . .

WHAT'S THE MILLION-DOLLAR FIGURE? It's the figure that belongs to the girl on her way up . . . whether she's climbing to stardom or to success in any field. It's your most basic fashion accessory: a figure that does wonderful things for the new clothes you buy and gives you blissful assurance that you look your keen, million-dollar best in them. But let's face it: even the keenest figure looks better in a girdle, because clothes fit much better, hang more smoothly over a good foundation. The new

fashions are beautiful, and vital, made to take to all the exciting new accessories and to make the most of the body beautiful.

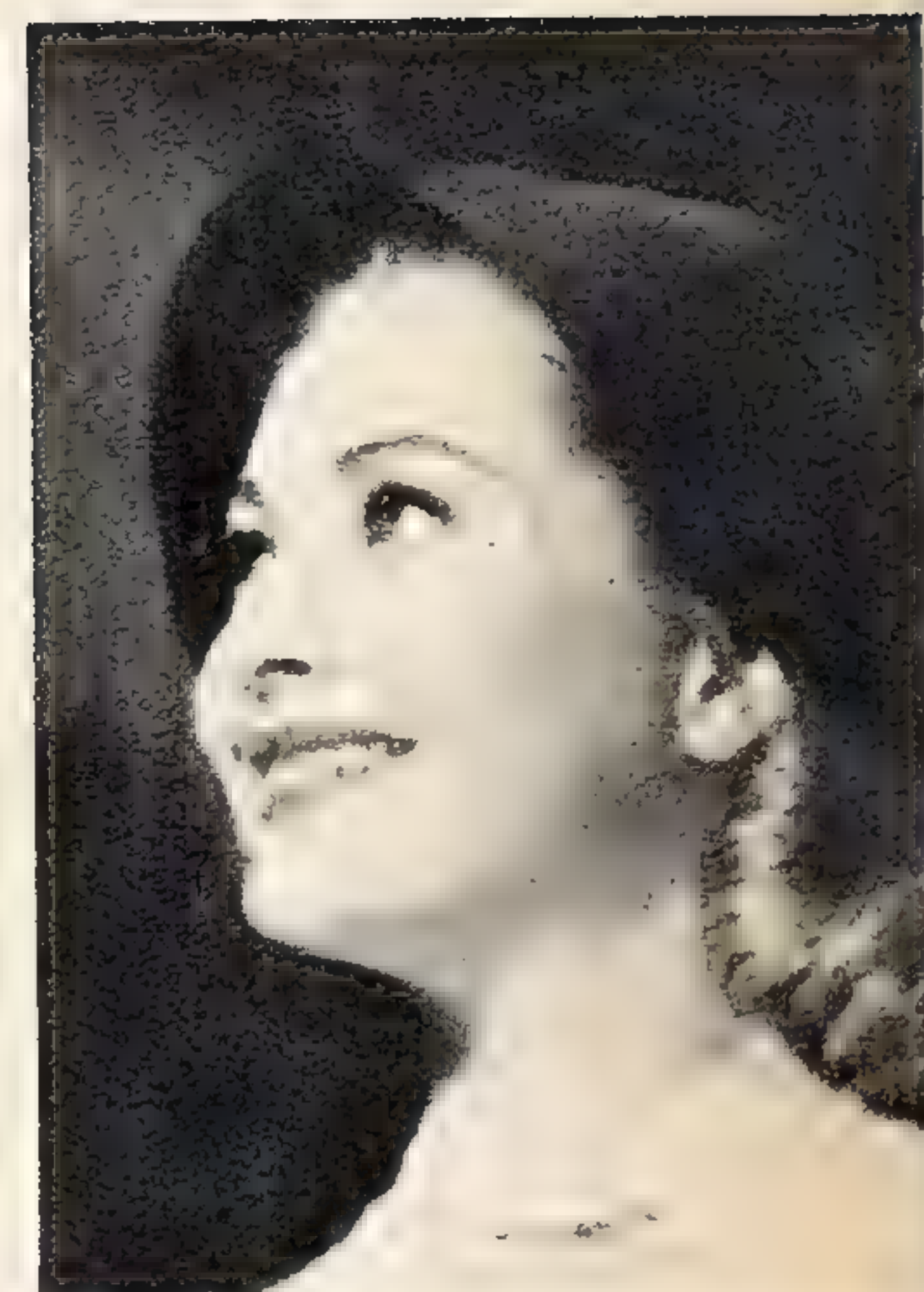
Good bet to make a million-dollar figure out of *any* figure, lifting it to star-like heights—this boneless, smooth-as-skin White Magic Fabric-Lined Playtex girdle, basic for all fashions, made now with flat, adjustable garters. More good news: its price, \$6.95, in stores from here to Hollywood. Cannon Mills hose, in the new, soft-as-moonlight beige shade, Candlelight

Climb a stairway ...to a star look!

*Step by step the starlets show you
the way to a million-dollar manner*

WHAT'S THE MILLION-DOLLAR LOOK? It's the way the stars look . . . the way you can look, if you use star-sense when you dress! In the "moving" pictures on the preceding pages, five bright young starlets prove you can look like a million whether you dress on a budget or a bank-roll. They've turned the trick with accessories . . . making one good little basic dress do the work of five (that's not dollars, but sense!). And here's the finale to the story: Their style secret is in the choice of one dramatic accessory for every role. The others, more subdued, fall easily into line. On this page we show a close-up of the one touch of drama in each costume that sets the pace . . . whether your starring role calls for a street scene, outdoor setting, drawing room, or dance floor!

*Lori's new basic cloche hat
sets the pace for accessorizing
in a city or career mood*



*Barbara's glamorous, real
fox muff is the key to
all-out evening drama*



*Elaine's sporty cowhide belt
gives her dress the outdoor
touch, cues all other accessories*



*Dawn's adorable polka-dot
gloves give the
style note for Spring*



*Beverly's black velvet stole
spells out her sophistication,
other accessories follow lead*

★
photoplay star accessories



Can Dale Robertson Save His Marriage?

BY

GEORGE ARMSTRONG

While the gossips speculate wildly, Dale and Jackie are quietly trying to ignore the rumors and work out a reconciliation that will lead to a truly happy ending

• Can the Dale Robertsons still patch up their marriage?

All Hollywood has been pondering this question—and wishing them well—since news of their reconciliation late last fall first fell upon eager, friendly ears.

Shock had been the universal reaction when, on that gloomy Sunday last October twelfth, Dale threw a few personal belongings into a satchel and closed the door on his San Fernando Valley bungalow. The bungalow had been home for him and his bride, the former Jacqueline Wilson, since their marriage only a year and five months before.

During their brief parting at that time, both Jackie and Dale secluded themselves in the homes of friends and ducked the persistent bloodhounds of the press, while they “thought things out.”

At that time, Dale said: “I think the trouble will blow over. But I think right now it is better for us to be separated for a while.”

And Jackie, talking off the record, indicated that she still loved her big, Oklahoma-salted “wild colt” of a husband. But she implied that she was not satisfied with love or a marriage that is a one-way street.

So they separated, and they “thought things out.” And they concluded, evidently, that they would try hard to turn that thoroughfare of marriage into a broad avenue that runs both ways.

While the Robertsons’ real friends held their counsel during that turbulent period, the gossips were avidly (and acidly) guessing at the cause of the rift. The hints were broad and the rumors numerous and varied. “Sensational developments,” had been the whisper, “can be expected as the real inside story of the quarrel comes to light.”

The rumor most widely circulated was that Dale was infatuated with another woman. The Miss X of these stories—or Mrs. X, rather—was said to be a blonde charmer who was herself a recent bride.

Both Dale and Jackie refused adamantly to talk about this much-discussed version of their differences during that short and unhappy separation. And now (*Continued on page 74*)



Tab Hunter learned about

courage and faith from his mother.

He had to succeed—for her

He couldn't fail

BY JERRY ASHER

● Christmas was just around the corner.

As usual at that festive time of year, the shipping department of Barker Bros. on Hollywood Boulevard was churning like an angry beehive.

Conspicuous among the employees, was a handsome, blond six-footer who looked like a fugitive from a college campus. His strong fingers pounced upon the endless parade of packages, and quicker than you can say, "Happy holiday," he had them packed, labeled and on their merry way. Suddenly a name and address caught his eye.

"Holy Cow!" exclaimed Tab Hunter (he was then Art Gelien—pronounced Ga-leen). He held a package up and gazed at it rapturously.

"What is it—a time bomb?" cracked the guy on his left.

"It's a present for Linda Darnell," said Tab. "Brother, wouldn't I love to deliver this myself and have a good look at her!"

Two years, four months and a million dreams later, Tab Hunter was getting about the best look at Linda Darnell that a man can get. She was in his arms, very close and very tight in

his arms. Her breath was warm on his lips as his blue eyes mirrored the painful self-consciousness he felt.

"Don't worry, honey," she whispered. "just relax. I'm lucky for newcomers."

He drew her to him, pressed his lips against hers. Tenderly, he eased her away again. His cheeks were flushed with embarrassment. She smiled a broad, approving smile.

"That was nice, honey," she said soothingly.

Kiss included, the screen test was just what the casting director ordered. And Linda Darnell had a new romantic leading man for "Island of Desire." It was the first time Tab Hunter ever faced a camera, though producers Pine and Thomas had once used the back of his head for a scene—in "The Lawless."

"Good things are always happening to me," twenty-one-year-old Tab earnestly reflects—so earnestly, in fact, that on first meeting him one wonders if he's for real. He's so fantastically forthright, he shames the most seasoned skeptic.

The "good things" that happen to Tab, he sincerely and honestly believes, are the result of good thoughts. (Continued on page 88)





When Mitzi was seventeen, she planned their future—hers and Richard's. But now their future belongs to the past

• There were just the two of them at the table. They spoke in low voices over their half-filled coffee cups. There was a pause in the conversation. She watched as he lit a cigarette and she tried to find words—the right words—to say what she knew she must say. . . .

Mitzi Gaynor had come to realize that the future as she had once planned it wasn't what she wants today. That settling down to domesticity just now when, in a sense, she had never really lived at all, wasn't for her.

And so she told them—the attorney who had been her best beau as well as her friend and who, during the four years she had known him, had contributed much to her own development as a human being. She told him simply and honestly—the way Mitzi Gaynor would. As always, whatever the problem, he understood. She had known he would.

"Richard was my first love," says Mitzi. "He's a very special person—one of the finest you could ever know." She adds quietly, "I wish him all the happiness in the world. And he wishes me the same, I'm sure."

Handsome (Continued on page 78)

BY JANE CORWIN

Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 33)

she squealed. "When I was a school girl in France, I won zee prize for my breast stroke!" The entire set collapsed.

Round-Up: Ray Bolger who can afford to be independent, wouldn't appear at the new Hotel Sahara in Las Vegas 'tis said, unless he received more than any other performer. The show went on to capacity business. The dancer supposedly received \$20,000 per week for his talent . . . Plaudits for his fabulous performance in "The Thief" were short-lived for Ray Milland. He has to sing to Jane Wyman in "Love Song" and the poor guy's scared silly . . . Jeffrey Hunter's first gift for his new son was a letter-man sweater with big 1971 numerals on the chest . . . With Hollywood necklines plunging lower than ever, Doris Day receives hundreds of letters from masculine admirers who laud her for leaving something to their imagination! . . . Joan Crawford buys Rosemary Clooney recordings by the dozen and hands them out as door prizes.

Studio Stuff: Susan Hayward is now one up on Anne Baxter, who currently loves to smoke small after-dinner cigars in public. Susie girl smokes a corn cob pipe in "The President's Lady" and loathes it . . . Peter Lawford, who wasn't a bit happy when Cary Grant got *that* role in "Dream Wife," probably won't be with M-G-M by the time you read this . . . This is the story of the three Johnnies! Director John Ford was so enthusiastic over actor John Russell's performance in Republic's "The Sun Shines Bright," he called his good friend John Wayne to come see the rushes.

Prodigal Son: Usually there are two sides to a story. This time we heard—three! Farley Granger was suspended by Sam Goldwyn recently, when he refused to make personal appearances for "Hans Christian Andersen." According to friends he *wanted* to go. But they wouldn't tell him where he was going or for how long. The star is doctoring for a stubborn virus, he's building a house and is needed here. Also, the studio supposedly knew Farley would protest; he wasn't working, and by suspending him they saved his salary! We just calls 'em as we hears 'em!

Chuckle Wagon: Red Skelton said it after seeing Marilyn Monroe for the first time in a film: "She has the kind of voice you usually hear coming over transoms!" . . . "Tony Curtis," says a producer (who is mad at him), "is so good in 'Houdini,' he's even making his best friends disappear!" . . . Vic Mature, refusing to fly to the "Baptism of Fire" location at Ft. Leonard Wood in Missouri, insisted on taking the Super Chief. "It doesn't go that way," the studio explained. "That's *your* problem!" answered the inimitable guy.



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173. Dean Miller
174. Rita Gam
175. Charlton Heston
176. Steve Cochran

Hollywood's Whispering: Ava And Frank

(Continued from page 43)

turned to argument, and the domestic heat generated until they were screaming and throwing things at each other.

As the months piled up and the tensions grew greater, they began to drop even the public pretenses of peace and adoration—and anybody who happened to be handy when their tempers were hot, was treated to a display of emotional fireworks.

There was nothing at all private about the flare-up that preceded Ava's impulsive return of her wedding ring to Frank this past October. It all happened one-two-three before a packed house at the Riviera Night Club over the Hudson from Manhattan where Frankie was singing. Ava had been in New York for the opening of "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" and though Frank's schedule had kept him from going to the premiere with her, as soon as he finished up his first show he piled into a car and tore down New York's West Side Highway to pick her up and take her back to the Riviera for his late show. The club was packed when they got back—and looking quickly over the crowded room, Ava turned white. Sitting at a table with a group of friends was Marilyn Maxwell.

When Frank sang an old song—a sentimental ballad that he's been doing for years—Ava took it into her pretty little head to decide that he was singing it for Marilyn. And Ava remembered those Hollywood rumors to the effect Frank used to find Marilyn attractive.

Ava swept out of the Riviera, made her own way back to town, and the next thing Frank knew, she had flown to Hollywood and the wedding ring—wrapped in a furious note—was winging its way across the continent to him.

Now Frank can be just as temperamental—just as erratic—as Ava. And since the thing he cherishes most is his marriage, he'll go to any extreme to protect it. With the ring burning in his pocket he decided that he'd better get back to Hollywood—at once. He was scheduled to go on to St. Louis for a public appearance, but he didn't want to appear anywhere except in front of Ava, where he hoped he could get things straightened out.

Contracts? Tear 'em up! Career? Who cares?

Maybe Frankie doesn't—but his agent and his managers and a half a dozen people whose fortunes are invested in Frank's voice do care—and care a lot. He was forced to keep his St. Louis commitments (incidentally, he broke every PA record the town has ever had). And Ava partied blithely in Hollywood, while Frankie ate his heart out in a lonely hotel room.

These arguments started months before they were married. Once, in a New York hotel after they'd quarreled, Frank got Ava on the phone, threatened to commit suicide, then pulled his gun and fired a couple of shots in the pillows, to emphasize his point. Ava said later that she knew he was kidding all along.

Another time, in a Nevada resort, it was reported that he took a flock of sleeping pills—maybe to scare her again, maybe to calm his nerves. But a doctor had to be called to bring him out of a deep sleep.

Frankie says that things like that could happen in anybody's life, but because it's happening to him they make a "great big federal case out of it." Of course, he's right. But that's the penalty one pays for being famous.

If Frankie had gone on with his plans to be an obscure newspaper man and Ava had never come to Hollywood, they might have been happily wed. But then they probably would never have met at all. Frankie would probably have gone on living with Nancy, eating her spaghetti cooked in clam juice, and have had nothing more to worry about than keeping the kids in shoes.

Instead, he sang his way into fortune and has taken on all the headaches of a millionaire without the temperament or the training to move about in high financial circles.

Swift fame and big dough went to his head with an intoxicating wallop. They brought him the back-slapping guys who were looking for somebody to touch, and they brought him the admiration of beautiful women.

It wasn't surprising that he began to think of himself as a big man who could do no wrong.

And Ava has been living in a gold fish bowl too, ever since she arrived in Hollywood and married Mickey Rooney. Those

who are closest to Ava now say that she never really loved Mickey—that she loved only the excitement of being married to a big name (he was tops in those days).

Her marriage to Artie Shaw was something else again. It was the most overwhelming emotion that had ever hit the still unsophisticated farm girl. Artie kidded Ava about her lack of erudition and her slow mental processes. For him, she began reading books and emulating the poses of the so-called intellectuals who haunt the entertainment world. She began talking about the problems of "the little people," although it was quite apparent that she was over her head most of the time.

Folks around Hollywood still choose to believe Ava has never got Artie entirely out of her mind and that she never will. Certainly, she seemed to be still in love with him up until not too many months before she married Frank. When Artie was appearing in New York's "Bop City," Ava arranged with a couple of songpluggers—mutual friends—to take her to see Artie's show.

Ava herself says that's all over now. Completely. And that there's nobody she'd dream of using the word "love" about except Frankie.

Despite a lot of tempestuous behavior which would seem to belie the fact, it's probably true that Ava and Frank really do love each other—as much as any two egocentric, spoiled people can. But neither one has ever learned to compromise, nor learned to be reconciled to being anything but kingpin in his own bailiwick.

Frank seems to have gone farther in this direction than his wife. The story of the sacrifices he made to marry her is old and familiar by now—the moral censure of his public, the break with his Church, the heavy financial penalties. But though the reading public may take them all for granted, Frank himself still smarts under their hurt. But he wouldn't take one step backward to have these harms undone.

He knew what he was sacrificing to marry Ava. And he'll regret those sacrifices only if the marriage should collapse.

Then what's the trouble all about?

Although some people say that much of the fuss stems from Frank's financial troubles, that's by no means the root of it all. Certainly Frank has had his tough times, and the fact that one-third of everything he ever earns is ear-marked for Nancy and the children, doesn't make it easy for him to meet his bills. But he's gradually pulling himself out of debt. The red ink on his balance sheet with Uncle Sam is being replaced by black.

On this score, the story goes that Ava dipped deeply into her own bank account to help pull Frankie up financially. And it's this fact that now makes it imperative for her to stay out of the United States for a full eighteen months (in order to benefit from income tax exemptions) so she can save some money.

Despite stories to the contrary, Frank has never worried enough about money. He's always operated blithely on the theory that there was no need, for instance, for flying in a public plane when he could charter one for himself. And he's been almost madly generous—with lavish gifts to all his friends (he's bought gold cigarette lighters literally in dozen lots) and with financial help to anyone who's ever asked it of him.

That's why he was so opposed to Ava's going off on the "Mogambo" location trip. It was not that he was afraid she would have a torrid African romance with Clark Gable, as so many people have suggested. He simply didn't want her that far away for so long. Earning money did not seem to him to be nearly a good enough reason for

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(Signed) MEYER DWORKIN, Secretary-Treasurer

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1952.

(SEAL)

TULLIO MUCELLI

Notary Public, State of New York, Qualified in Bronx County, No. 03-8045500. Certificates filed in Bronx and New York County Clerks and Registers Offices. (My commission expires March 30, 1954)

such a long and agonizing separation.

And that's why—against the advice of his agent and manager—he turned heaven and earth to try to arrange singing engagements that would keep him near her during this trip, no matter how that would affect his career at home.

The rough spots in their romance don't seem to have been created by career competition, either, though that's another theory that's making the rounds. "How," people ask, "can you expect things to be any different—when she keeps moving upward all the time—and he keeps sliding down?"

Things could be very different indeed. Ava has said a dozen times that she'd give her career up in a second, if she could find real happiness in her heart. It's common knowledge that, when she and Frank were first married, she wanted nothing more than to become a mother. And she says that if she had a child she would make it her life.

Since the marriage, she's been downright cavalier about her movie commitments—and, at least at first, was willing to flaunt any authorities, even to go on suspension, as she once did, just to be with Frank.

And as far as his own career is concerned, Frank is not the least bit worried. "I can still make a buck," he says. And he's right. He can. There are literally hundreds of cities, in the United States and abroad, where he has never appeared, and where he could still pack 'em in, as witness his recent St. Louis and Riviera record-breaking appearances.

Though his voice is, perhaps, not quite as true as it once was (medical authorities say this is the direct result of his emotional upsets), he is a better showman than he ever was. And audiences still love him!

Then if it isn't the money, and it isn't career, what is the ruckus all about?

It's all deep-rooted—and difficult to define. It's a job for a psychiatrist and not really for a magazine writer. But here's the way it seems to shape up:

These two do love each other. If they didn't, would he have put himself through the fiery hoops he did to marry her? And would she be so violently jealous of him?

But does she have any cause to be jealous? Those who know them both best answer with a positive and vehement "No!" Though Frank was once supposed to be more than mildly guilty of a roving eye, things have changed entirely since November 7, 1951, when he married Ava. Since then, he has not so much as looked at another woman. When they've had to be separated, he has always carried a color picture of Ava with him (a stunning portrait from "Sombrero") and this goes on his bedside table. He has even gone so far as to give up his old men friends whom Ava happened not to like.

Is it then, perhaps, some ask, that he may look back nostalgically on the comparatively peaceful days with Nancy, that he may be yearning for a return to her? Again, the answer is "No." Though many of his closest friends have suggested to him that this would be the wisest step he could take—that it would assure him tranquility, and practically guarantee the continued success of his career, he isn't having a thank you. Nancy has indicated that she would go back to him (the rumor is that she telephoned him in St. Louis after he sent back the wedding ring), but Frank says that could never be. He and Nancy, says, were washed up years ago, long before Ava ever came into their lives. It was not the cause of their breakup, he says. But she was the only woman whom he had ever truly loved—loved enough to give him the strength to face the breaking

of his home and the censure of the world. Then what?

The finger points to Ava.

And the words are hard to choose.

Even though she denies any feeling for Artie Shaw, the wounds of that love seem to have left deep and ugly scars, and a desperate need to take revenge. Not on Artie, because he's out of her life now. But on any man she loves. And Frankie is that man. So, without meaning to, without wanting to do so, she hurts him, hurts him deeply. And she hurts herself.

Does she know that she's doing it? Not consciously. And she hates herself when she does. She fights against it diligently. Somehow she just can't help herself.

But she's trying. For a long time now, she's been seeing a Hollywood psychiatrist, hoping that he can give her the strength she can't quite summon up within herself. And this was the cause of one more marital battle. She wanted Frank to start psychiatric treatment too, and when he refused, a quarrel ensued.

But he's thought better of it lately. Though he's by no means sure that this would be the solution, he says now that he'd try anything. If that will save the marriage, then he'll take any treatment that Ava wants him to.

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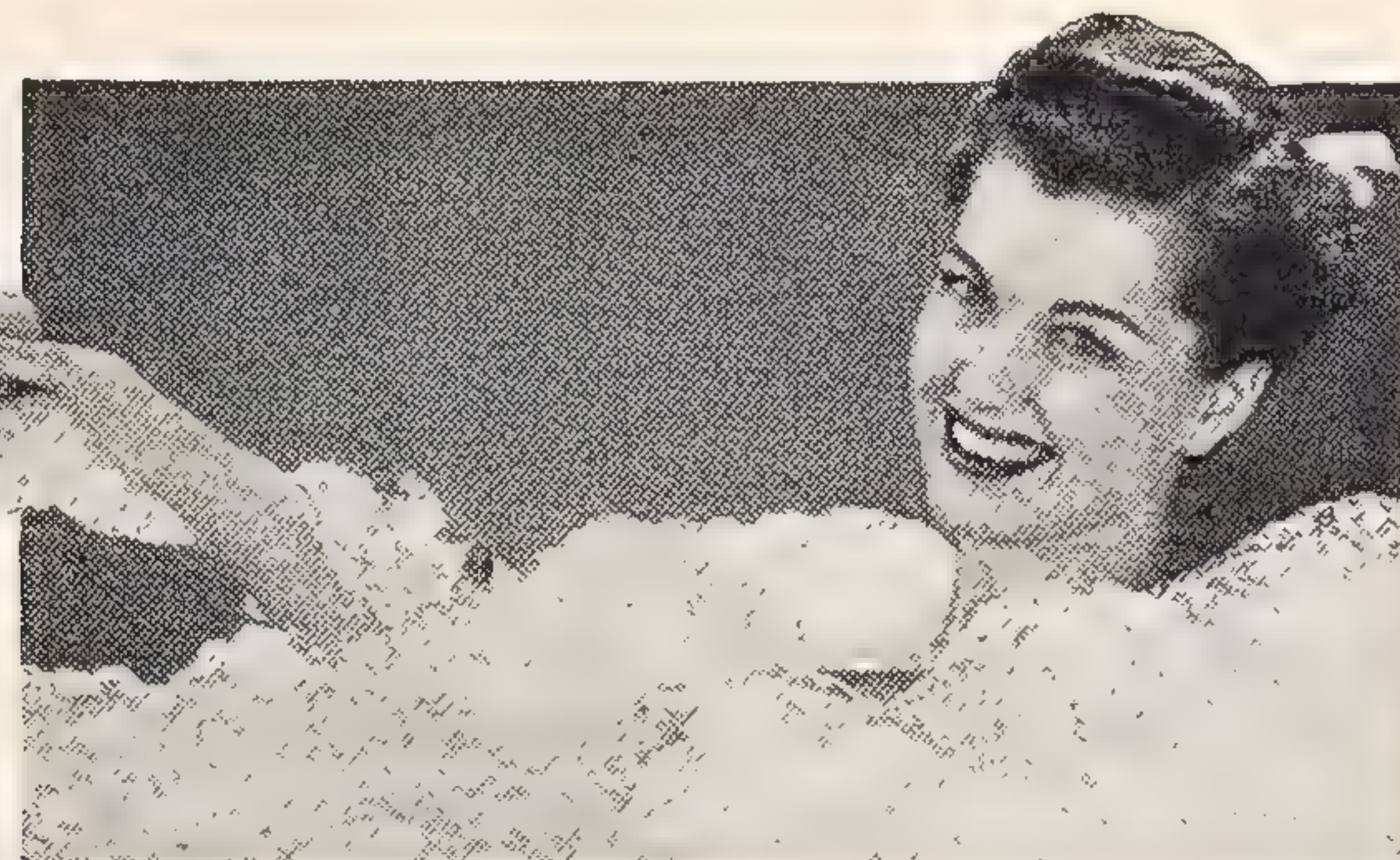


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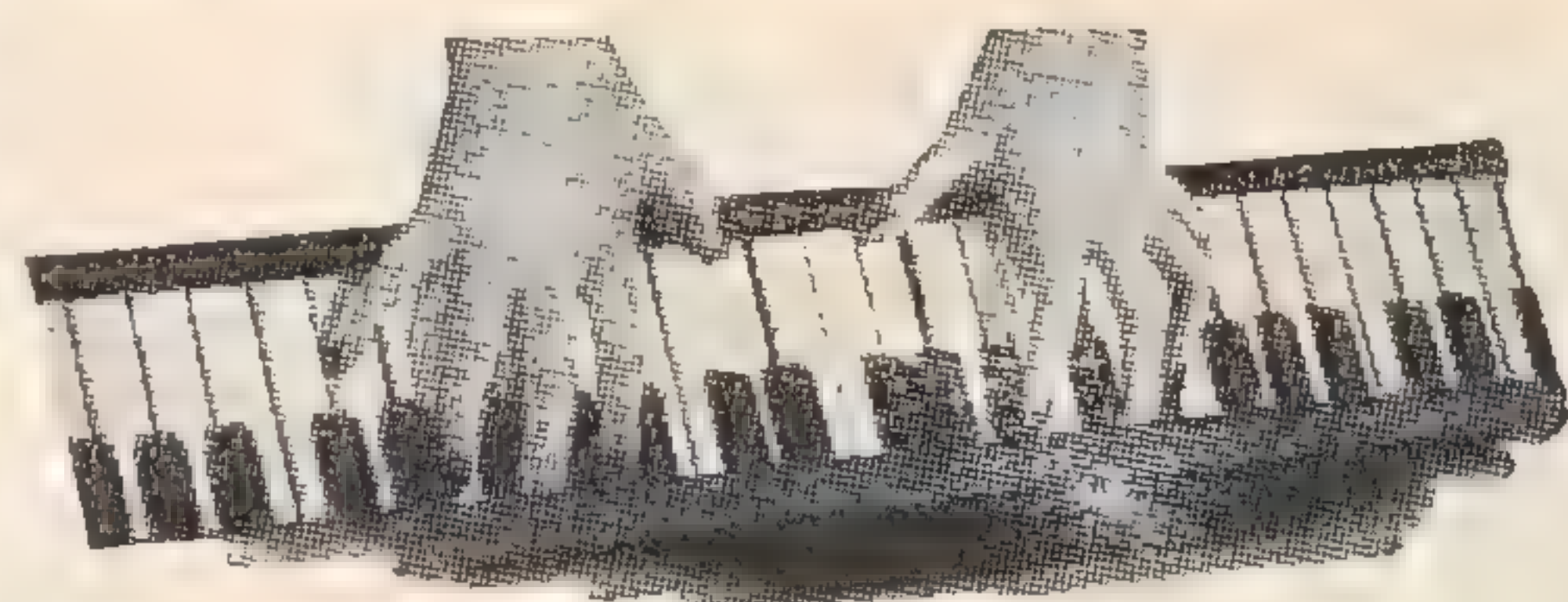
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What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 27)
possibilities in the future? Why not run away with your own husband?

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am the kind of guy whose friends probably regard him as the brawn, instead of the brain, type. I played four years of high school football and two years of college football before going into the Marine Corps. I like the Corps fine. The associations are the best, the training makes a guy a real man, and a fellow gets around.

I guess I'm telling you this because I don't want you to consider me a real cornball when I explain what's eating me. I've got two girls, and I'm thinking about marrying one of them. I'd marry both of them if the courts didn't have other ideas about such things.

Helen likes all the things I do: swimming, horseback riding, tennis, watching ball games, and she knows what she's talking about when she discusses sports. She has a good disposition, dresses well, and gets enough wolf whistles so that you know she's all right in that department, too. I would say that her only serious fault is that she's inclined to take the lead in things: I think she might try to boss a husband. I don't think I'd care for that.

Lou-Marie's little and dark. She has dimples and the longest eyelashes you've ever seen. She isn't very athletic, but she dances to beat anything, and she says funny things. A real kick to be with. She can also sing and she has a pretty good job as a commercial illustrator. She has a fault, too; she's moody. Also, she's jealous. If I dance twice with another girl, she tries to get even.

In spite of everything I think I'm in love with both girls, maybe because they're so different. But darned if I know which would make the better wife. Considering what you know about gals in Hollywood, which one do you think would be the best bet?

Archer T. M.

Dear Corporal M:

There is a wonderful poem by John Gay which says, "How happy could I be with either, Were I other dear charmer away," which, I think, describes your state of mind.

As nearly as I can compute your age, I would judge it at twenty-one. I hope you won't think me unromantic if I point out that, in addition to the charmers described in your letter, you are likely to meet dozens of unbearably lovely girls during the ensuing nine years. Such is the Marine Corps experience!

Why not wait until some girl comes along who, although not entirely perfect, gives you the impression that you have never before met anyone as essential to your lasting happiness? As long as your emotions are torn between two girls, you aren't really in love with either. The chief characteristic of the complex emotion we call love is your conviction that This Is It—there has never been anything like it before, there will never be anything like it again.

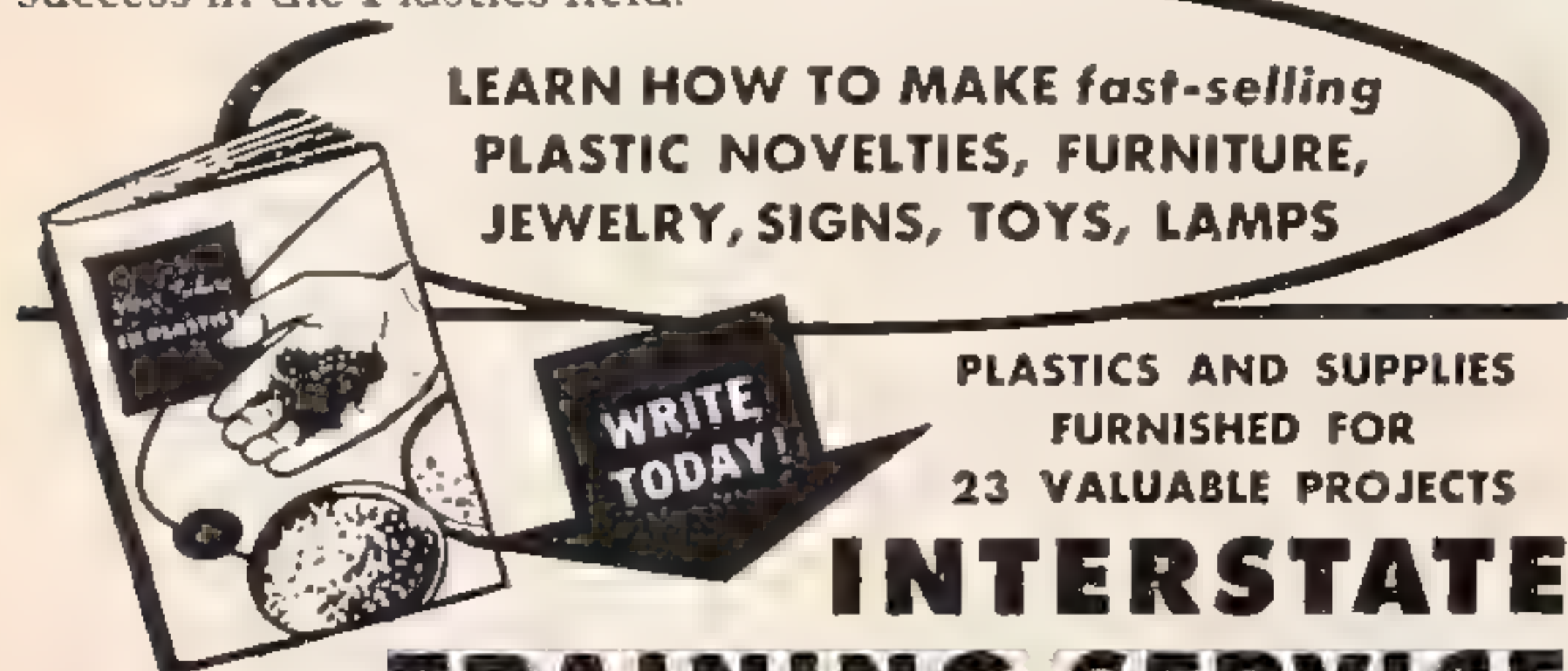
As long as you can write an objective letter about two girls—you're safe. When you start to write poetry about one girl—you've had it.

Claudette Colbert

Miss Colbert will be seen in "Outpost in Malaya"

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(Continued from page 57)
explained it all very carefully when she went off in the morning. And she apologized humbly.

But when she got back from the studio that night—no Rama. In the midst of a frantic search for him, a small truck pulled into the drive—and out stepped His Highness. The plumbers had been working at Greer's house that day, and Rama had decided that if Greer wouldn't give him his daily airing, he'd get it for himself. So he simply stowed away.

Jan Sterling has a Persian whose food tastes are strange even for felines, who are renowned for their finickiness about vittles. She won't touch milk, and, completely unconcerned about the soaring cost of living, insists on heavy cream—or nothing! She gets it, and she laps it up languidly as a side dish to her two favorite solid foods—spaghetti and beans.

Jane Powell's Siamese, Demi-Tasse, is a demon for dishevelment. When she can't find enough confusion ready-made to suit her, she custom-makes it for herself. Her favorite trick is to get into an open drawer and strew the contents with happy abandon all over the house. One day, it may be hair ribbons, the next, spools of thread. When Demi-Tasse has finished her little chore, the house looks like the streets of New Orleans the morning after Mardi Gras. And then Demi-Tasse surveys the effect happily, and lies down in the midst of it for a comfortable snooze.

Among the stars who own alley cats and adore them are Debra Paget, whose Turkey Bell lives peaceably with a pair of Siamese called Minx and Chinx; and the Gene Nelsons, who welcome any and all creatures—so long as they mew—and seldom seat less than a half dozen under the kitchen sink at dinner time.

Probably the most audacious of the "no-family-tree; who-cares" crowd is Henry, who rooms with Debbie Reynolds. Debbie speaks to him severely about the rashness of his warlike nature. But deep down inside, she's very proud of his prowess. "Believe me," she says, "there's not even a dog in the neighborhood brave enough to tangle with Henry."

Henry, a tremendous feline who fights like a tiger, roars like a lion, and at times even scares Debbie, recently conducted a full-scale one-cat war, in which he wallowed practically every cat on the block. Debbie read him the riot act. "If you don't behave," she told him, "find a new home!"

Henry's no dope. He knows when he's well off—and living with Debbie is something an awful lot of other cats (and people, too) would like. So, for the time being, he's fulfilling his part of the peace treaty like a well-schooled international diplomat. But, like a diplomat, he's no doubt treasuring the notion that treaties are made only to be broken.

Another push-em-around pussycat, whose antecedents were in the alley, is Booby Trap, the pride of Peter Lawford. He came into Pete's life late one stormy night, when Pete found him curled up on his patio, taking shelter from the wind and the rain. "Poor pussycat," said Pete—or something equally inappropriate. And he reached down to pick him up. But Booby Trap would have none of that. He wasn't waiting for any cluck-clucking invitation to come in out of the rain. He had picked this house, and now all he was waiting for was the owner, please, to hurry up and open the door.

So Pete did. And Booby Trap made a beeline for the closet in Pete's bedroom and settled himself in cozily. That's been his headquarters ever since.

Booby Trap did all right for himself, when he picked the Lawford house as his port in the storm. He's living the life of Reilly these days. Every night at ten sharp, he demands—and gets—a bedtime snack. Then he climbs into Pete's bed. To Pete himself, he grudgingly allots a tiny, and carefully measured out area along the very edge of the bed. This is no doubt a dispensation which he makes to Pete for having had the good sense to open the right door at the right time.

Booby Trap has a lot of good reasons to be smug, for he is a creature of great culture. He has a complete repertoire of tricks—including rolling over and playing dead—a doggy routine that most cats just won't be bothered with.

Pete says, "Cats are not as difficult to train as people think. If they like you, they'll do what you ask. But they are proud and self-willed. Cats can never be humiliated. They must be treated with tact, patience and understanding. You must never try to force them to obey you. And, above all, you must never show your temper."

And cats will tell you that the same thing holds true for people: If you're patient enough, you can teach them a trick or two, too.

Marge and Gower Champion have picked up some pretty pirouettes, indeed, from their brood, two alley cats—Flower and Clara, and three Siamese—Wicket, Real George and Real Gladys. Marge and Gower study their graceful movements, their leaps and their jumps, and thus get new ideas for their dance routines.

The cats pose one problem, though, that baffles the Champions. Like most cats, they scorn special beds—no matter how be-ribboned or be-catniped—and choose their own little corner to curl up in. It's the corner this crowd has chosen that gets Marge and Gower—the back seat of an automobile. The Champions own both a Hillman Minx and a Pontiac. But the cats will have nothing to do with these plebian jobs. No indeed! Every night, five strong, they parade to the rose-covered garage down the lane, and settle themselves into the neighbor's Cadillac. Now the Champions are beginning to wonder whether they should trade in both their cars for one swish model, just to keep their wandering clan at home.

Cat lovers know that you can't be casual about what you call a cat. Says June Havoc: "The name is very important. It should suit the cat's personality. And it should never, never embarrass him." No Poopsies for her, or Tweedledums, or any other silly frilly monickers. "If you call your cat Shaggy," she says, "he'll be stubborn enough to live up to it. And no matter how much you brush him, the maid will still mistake him for the mop and start wiping the kitchen floor with him." On one point, she's vehement: "Before you name him Billy, be sure he is a Billy, and not a Nellie."

In Hollywood, cat names range from the whimsical to the downright dignified. Anne Jeffrey, who is married to Bob Sterling, has named her cats after operatic charac-

ters—Madame Butterfly, Tosca, Traviata, Pinkerton.

Ann Blyth calls her nine-year-old Irish Persian Mickey, because, she says, "the fires of Old Erin glow in his emerald green eyes." And Jane Russell's pair of Siamese are Ming and Buddha.

Liz Taylor dubbed the kitten a London waiter gave her, Tailspin. "One look at that sweet little mite," she says, "and that's what I went into."

Ruth Roman's mind took a romantic turn when she settled down to kitten christening. Her triumvirate are known as Marco Polo, Golden Bells and Lord Renfrew.

Gene Tierney calls her Maltese kitten Fifi, "because she's like a flirtatious French *midinette*," and Carleton Carpenter's sleek black and gray striped beauty is Bugbee. But Carleton isn't saying why.

Phyllis Kirk says it's obvious why she calls her half-Persian Aldous Huxley. "He's the intellectual type. That white mark on his face gives him a raised-eyebrows look." And Suzan Ball calls her Siamese, Chata, because she thinks she's a dog, and loves to ride in a car and loves to speed." Which, if Suzan says so, is probably a lot of good reasons.

Anne Bancroft, who's haunted by a cat called Dusty, doesn't know how he got his name. And, in the center of a colony of cat worshippers, she's audacious enough to admit that she doesn't care. Dusty isn't her cat at all. He just likes to pretend he is. He belongs to a neighbor—but this is a fact he prefers to ignore. He's picked Annie for his very own—has made her home his, curls up on her lap and purrs at her adoringly. "So what can I do about it?" she asks, and she muses: "They must have grown catnip on my family tree."

There are always so many cats wandering around the Alan Ladd's ranch, all mixed up with dogs and horses, that nobody ever can remember what they decided to call them all. Alan's a softie for a kitten in distress, and distressed kittens always seem to sense it and head his way. Once on a vacation in Arizona, he came home with a complete litter—because he happened on the scene when their insensitive owner was getting ready to drown them. And another time, he was attending some outdoor graduation exercises, when a tiny little stray limped across the entire field looking lonely and lost—until it got to Alan. Then it purred, and hopped up into his lap. And that was that. But one of his favorite stories is that of his latest feline acquisition:

"I was walking along the street when I saw a small boy with a huge cat. The boy was saying, 'If you're a he, I know that Mother will let me keep you.' And then he sniffed. 'But if you're a she, gosh, I'll just have to put you back out into the street.' He sniffed again. 'And maybe somebody else will take you in.'"

"Well, she was a she, all right. But the little boy and I made a deal: I traded him his she for one of a group of brand-new he's I had at home."

There's one Hollywood household where the cat king gets a little competition. And that's Marlon Brando's. Marlon knows better than even to whisper the fact when Joe's around. And he goes so far to conceal it, as to have special cat-ford airmailed from New York to Hollywood. But the truth's the truth. For years, Marlon's true love has been Russell, his raccoon.

"Maybe Joe does know a trick or two that Russell doesn't," says Marlon. "But who else, I ask you, would adopt a raccoon?"

And you can't deny he's got something there. Who else, indeed? THE END

"Is Hollywood Carrying Sex Too Far?"

In February Photoplay Sheilah Graham gives some provocative answers.

Don't miss this issue—on sale January 9

Can Dale Robertson Save His Marriage?

(Continued from page 65)

that they're back together, they are even less willing—and logically so—to acknowledge that such rumors had ever made the rounds. But their close friends have commented, at length and passionately. "There was no 'other woman,'" these confidantes of the warring couple insist. "And no 'other man.'" It is their feeling that the Robertsons' marital trouble had been a long time a-brewing, and that the differences were there long before Dale reported to his studio for work on "The Silver Whip," during the filming of which, allegedly, the whispered "new romance" was supposed to have begun.

These differences—the real differences, according to devoted friends of both Dale and Jackie, make far less sensational reading than the romantic triangle which had been hinted at. They are deeper, more basic, and therefore, unfortunately, much harder to work out. Yet, if the Robertsons are to try to save their marriage, to reinstate it as a working partnership, they will have to face up to these differences—and they'll have to make compromises.

"They'll have a lot of forgiving to do, before they can get back together," an intimate girl friend of Jackie's sums it up. "And then a lot of giving to do, after that, if the reconciliation is to take. It will be hard for them both. Jackie is proud. And Dale, the most charming guy in the world otherwise, is downright stubborn. But I think they're in love with each other, still. And I know they are both mad for their baby daughter, Rochelle, who was three months old just two days before her parents separated.

"I think they will both try. And everybody who knows them hopes that they will succeed in working things out. For they're both wonderful people."

So that's what it comes down to: two vital human qualities—Jacqueline's pride and Dale's stubbornness. And these two "heavies" can be more dangerous to the Robertson marriage—and to any marriage, for that matter—than any threat from the outside, no matter how sexually supercharged.

No two people could have been more in love, no two people could have been surer of their decision than Dale and Jackie were when they exchanged their marriage vows on May 19, 1951.

They knew that making a successful marriage in the tension-ridden atmosphere of Hollywood was a complicated and risky business, even for a stable and mature couple. And they were very, very young—Jackie was just nineteen—and they had a whole world of living and learning, and possibly of making mistakes, in front of them. Learning to unmake mistakes is a slow, but always hopeful, process.

They had determined in advance to avoid that evil-eyed old shipwrecker, Career Trouble. Although Jackie was nicely started on an acting career of her own—she and Dale met for the first time, remember, on the set of "Down Among the Sheltering Palms," in which she played a small part—she decided with wisdom beyond her years that one acting career in the family is problem enough. Her job, once she was Mrs. Dale Robertson, would be just that—to be Dale's loving wife and homemaker, and mother to the brood of four or five small Robertsons they confidently expected to have.

There would be absolutely no question that Dale would be the man in the house, the breadwinner. For one thing, his fierce masculine pride would have had it no other way. And certainly there was no

question that he could fulfill this responsibility—his star was rising in pictures. Many years on top seemed certain to be ahead of him.

And Jackie was admirably equipped for her feminine role. Educated in the best eastern private schools, bred to be a lady in the old-fashioned sense by her socialite parents, she was—even if under twenty—a poised and gracious woman ready in every way for marriage.

The pitfalls they had not foreseen came in the areas of their life together where their two roles overlapped—the occasions when Jackie must share Dale's life in the limelight as the wife of a celebrity, and the even more important times when Dale, as every young husband must, would be called upon to share the responsibilities of the household and, later, the family.

Breaking Dale Robertson to domestic life proved very soon to be as difficult a task as taming some of the horses he breeds on his California and Oklahoma ranches. A man's man to the core, Dale is a guy who simply cannot stand a rein. It was incomprehensible to him that any woman, including his wife, should have the right to ask where he had been, and with whom, and how late. That he should be expected to telephone if he would be late to dinner, should be required occasionally even to show up *on time*, was, to him, a gross abridgment of his freedom.

What happened, after awhile, was that Dale worked—or played—day and night, kept up his million and one contacts with his studio friends, his soft-ball friends, his horse-fancying friends, his dog-loving friends, while Jackie—who had given up her old friends to devote her life to Dale—sat at home in the valley. There were some especially lonely months when she sat there solitarily with the toys and tiny garments she had been assembling for their expected child.

Actually, Jackie's disillusion set in before her honeymoon was over. Dale took his bride to a beautiful seaside resort in Santa Barbara, and Jackie was enchanted with the prospect of long, quiet hours in the sun—just the two of them. But it turned out that Dale had chosen Santa Barbara for their honeymoon destination because an important horse show was in progress there. They spent the entire day after their marriage ceremony admiring

horses! Now Jackie likes horses as well as the next one; she is, in fact, an expert horsewoman herself. But on her honeymoon! Dale couldn't have been more surprised that she should object. What else, his shrugged shoulders asked, does a guy do on his honeymoon?

Jackie Robertson, on the afternoon of her marriage, was a gay, outgoing, confident girl. A short month later she was subdued, withdrawn, and, her best friends thought, unhappy.

Even the people who love Dale best, and know him best, could see what was happening, and they were inclined to see it from Jackie's point of view.

When their separation occurred, Dale's best friend, Kit Carson, talked to him like a Dutch uncle. His mother flew out from Oklahoma City to do what she could to save her son's threatened marriage. At first Dale resisted all compromise.

"That's the kind of a guy I am," he said, "if she wants me, she'll have to get used to me as I am."

Jackie wanted him, but not at any price.

Obviously, since they're trying again, somebody gave in, or, more hopefully, both conceded some ground.

Dale, it is certain, was happy to move his toothbrush and razor from Pal John Carroll's guest room, and to get back to the quiet atmosphere of his valley home where he could "take off his gaiters" and relax to the music of soft baby sounds from the nursery.

The reconciliation, of course, may not work. The Robertsons have faced their problems, but the harder task of solving them lies ahead.

But then again, it very well *may* work. And all of Dale's and Jackie's friends are hoping so.

"They're good, kind and sensitive people, these two," one of their best friends put it. "And when they were married—there's no doubt about it—they had every intention of marrying for keeps."

"Any two people who feel as strongly about each other as they do, and who are willing to face up to the pitfalls honestly and courageously, as they're doing now, deserve the help of all their friends—and the best of luck."

"Things *have* to work out—because they're such wonderful folks." THE END



From France and England, Zsa Zsa Gabor made news—telling the world she did so love her Georgie, couldn't wait to finish filming "Moulin Rouge" and get back to him. Her escort on first evening out—happy husband, George Sanders

Is Love for Laurie?

(Continued from page 51)

fine fall afternoon on the set of "Mississippi Gambler." She was having a day off from work, and she came in, her flashy hair tied down under a scarf, her eyes wide and shining. She had been out with Dick Anderson in his new English racing car and "it had absolutely sent" her, as she phrases it. Dick was hovering in the background, his eyes watching her with a sort of hungry worship. We both asked him to get lost for an hour or so, as I couldn't see how Piper could otherwise comfortably deal with the gossip item in a leading column that very morning—that she was about to marry Leonard Goldstein.

The first thing you notice, on meeting Piper, aside from her physical beauty, is her thoughtful honesty and sincerity. She had never discussed Leonard Goldstein for publication before—but when I hit her with the question, she answered it frankly.

"I never think of Leonard as a date," she said. "I think of him as a friend. Whenever we go out to a nightclub together, Hollywood begins 'coupling' us, but actually the best times we have are when he comes over to my house, and we sit around with my folks and discuss things."

Piper flashed her mischievous grin. "Leonard is as old as my father," she said, "but when my dad answers the door, Leonard always greets him with, 'Hello, son.' You see, I'll be twenty-one on my birthday, this January, but Leonard is forty-eight."

"The first time I ever met him was my first day on the Universal-International lot. That was almost three years ago, and I had just graduated senior high. I was absolutely petrified at meeting him and when they introduced us, he scowled."

"I didn't know then that whenever he is shy, Leonard does scowl. All it did to me that day was make me more frightened."

"They put me into a studio dramatic group, to study acting. I was tickled to discover Tony Curtis there. I'd known Tony before, you see, and when he asked me for a date, I was delighted to accept."

Piper paused, using the excuse of untying the bandanna around her hair, to give herself more time to think. As that mass of red-gold tumbled around her shoulders, she looked incredibly exciting, her face so vivacious above the neckline of the extremely tailored suit she was wearing.

"People talk all the time about there not being enough fellows to go around in Hollywood," Piper said, "and maybe it's so, if you just stay in the movie crowd. But I honestly do think it makes a difference if you grew up here, as I did. I mean when Los Angeles is just your home town, as it has been mine since I was seven, you meet boys on a more casual basis."

"I took Tony over to meet my folks, just as I always have with every other boy, and we did go about together for a little while. We never dreamed that our first starring picture would be together."

"My first picture, of course, was 'Louisa' and the studio sent me to Chicago to make a personal appearance with it. I was absolutely wildly excited, being in a big city like that, and putting up at a luxury hotel and all the rest of it. I made personal appearances on sixteen TV and radio shows in five days, besides personal appearances at the theatre, so I was completely beat when I came in to the hotel lobby one night and saw Vic Damone standing there."

"I started to speak to him—and then I realized I didn't actually know him. I had just met him very casually. So I ran up to my room, but the phone was ringing, and it was Vic, asking me to come down

and have a drink with him. I told him I didn't drink. I told him it was my first free evening, when I could actually get a good night's sleep. He persisted, so finally, with my studio chaperone, I went down to the cocktail bar for twenty minutes and had a ginger ale. But I did make a date to see Vic's show the next evening."

"That really was a thrill. You see, I'd never been away from home before, or in a real night club like the Chez Paree—and the following evening, when Vic took me for a real fling around Chicago, I just nearly collapsed trying to absorb all the full glamour treatment. And I nearly flipped, being escorted by a celebrity!"

"The moment I got home, I got an order to report immediately to Mr. Goldstein's office. I was absolutely terrified, and when I walked in, and Leonard smiled at me, and then told me he was going to co-star me with Tony in 'The Prince Who Was a Thief,' I was absolutely struck dumb."

"To put me at my ease, I guess, Leonard began talking. He asked me what I really wanted to do, how much I studied, if I had ever seen any of the great performers. He said that one of the greatest, Sophie Tucker, was playing in town right then. He suggested that we go see her."

"That was our first date, nearly two and a half years ago. It was wonderful being out with a man as respected as Leonard. Even with my very meager importance, I was learning that too many fellows have too many reasons for wanting to be seen out with a girl who has a movie career. It isn't only the 'wolf pack.' That exists everywhere—and it's the same I suspect, everywhere—and any girl with enough sense to wash her face, knows how to handle that problem."

"But there is a special Hollywood problem. Some apparently nice guy calls you for a date. You go out with him, and find that you have drifted, somehow, to where photographers are, and that somehow, next day, the fact that you were out with him has got itself into print. Then you know, if he's an ambitious young actor or writer or something like that, that you've been used. You can't help resenting it."

"With Leonard, from the very first, I could discuss all my problems. I remember, just after that first picture of Tony's and mine was finished, asking him if it paid to be honest in movies—honest as an actress, I mean. Just as in any other business, out here you see a lot of people cheating around the edges, cultivating 'the right people,' pretending to be something they are not, and all the rest of it."

"Sometimes at my house, with my folks, sometimes at his house, with his two sisters, Leonard would point out to me the simplicity of somebody like Helen Hayes, or the long-time career of someone like Claudette Colbert, who climbed entirely on merit and nothing else."

"Then, when there was some night-club act he wanted to see for the studio, or some great stage performer, he'd take me along, and point out why this star was a star. Or if he was reading some special book for possible production, he'd sometimes have me read it, too, and he'd tell me why, in his opinion, it was good or bad."

"This is the way it has always been with me and Leonard, and this is the way it still is. He's a constant education to me, and I owe him very much. But I do not call it romance, no matter what columnists say."

Dick Anderson came strolling back at this moment. From his great height he looked down on us. "Are you two through yakking yet?"

Piper's eyes sparkled at him. "Go away," she said, "we are about to take you apart."

"That should take all of five minutes,"

Dick said. "I'll see you then."

Piper smiled as he moved away. "Dick's such a nice, intelligent boy," she said. "We have fun together on very simple dates—just dinner and a movie, generally, or maybe just an evening at my house, playing records or talking endlessly about acting. My mother says when Dick and I get together we never stop talking."

"Where lovers are more often silent," I said.

"Yes, that's right."

"Like things were, maybe, with Charlie Simonelli?" I asked.

"Oh, please," said Piper, "I don't want to talk about that."

Some insiders in Hollywood insist that this was the brief flirtation that really hit Piper's heart. Perhaps. For the record, Charles Simonelli is an executive in Universal-International's New York office. He and Piper did date frequently, and were serious enough to part over religious differences—which certainly suggests their feeling for one another was far from trivial.

With young David Schine, heir to the fabulous Schine hotel chain, the religious difference does not exist—but something that would be of considerable importance to Piper does figure: Schine has no particular interest in show business and Hollywood. She has every interest in it.

By way of innocently proving, without even knowing it, that her career is based on intelligence, as well as on beauty and talent, Piper said, "I have a friend who married outside this profession. She didn't want to give up her career and her husband didn't demand it. But recently, when she got a very fine part and was naturally very excited about it, he was just mildly interested. He was nice about it, indulgent over her excitement, but that's all."

"I wouldn't be able to stand that, I know. But I would never get into such a marriage in the first place, because if my husband weren't fascinated by what I was doing, and I excited about everything that concerned him, I'd know we didn't have enough in common to make it a lasting thing. My parents have had a wonderful marriage. So has my older sister. That's the kind I want—and because I do, I won't be doing anything impulsive. I'm very grateful that I do have dates. But you'll never see any 'eloping' headlines about me."

"Suppose you suddenly fall in love at first sight?" I said.

"Oh, I did once. It's terrible. Never again," said Piper.

That's where this character Rick came in. "I was in several of his classes in junior high," Piper said, "and I nearly swooned whenever I saw him. But he never once looked my way. And isn't it weird that now he lives right on the same street that I do—and he still never looks my way."

"He doesn't even recognize me—but I couldn't fail to recognize him. He looks just as tall, dark and handsome to me as he did six years ago."

"Tall, dark, handsome, blind and dumb," I said, "or he would have to recognize you."

"No," said Piper. "I was a terrible looking kid in school. I had long red pigtails. I had freckles all over my face and I was overweight. I had another name, too."

"Just suppose he does recognize you some day?"

"Oh, don't," said Piper. "I get weak at the very thought."

We saw Dick Anderson circling back our way and we beckoned to him to join us.

But this is a special note to a guy named Rick: Why don't you start ringing doorbells in your neighborhood until you hit the right one? In my opinion, you're missing a great opportunity. THE END

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Split Personality

(Continued from page 49)

was Clark Gable. "Hello, Debbie," he said, and she fell on the floor.

With Gene Kelly, talking presented no problem. She merely couldn't dance in front of him which, considering the script of "Singin' in the Rain," made everything great. He'd show her the step. She'd look on like a goon. "Try it," he'd say. Her legs would refuse to budge. "You're on a pedestal," she'd wail, "and I'm in the soup." "Let's meet halfway."

She'd had no professional training. Kelly and O'Connor were both tremendous hoofers. "Just the same," she recalls severely, "I acted real young. But Gene had more patience than Job, so I gradually aged."

The wrinkles don't show yet and she's still comparatively carefree, despite an impossible schedule that keeps her tearing around from pictures to publicity, from tap and ballet to voice and dramatic lessons. She loves the whole business now, though when Warner Brothers first signed her, it was just a joke to sixteen-year-old Mary Frances, and at times a poor one. Her heart belonged to John Burroughs High, to the Girl Scouts, to the French horn she tootled in the band, and to umpteen other activities. It belonged to her studies, too. She worked hard for good credits, so she could get to college and be a gym teacher.

Then came the Burbank on Parade contest. Debbie practically passed out when the emcee announced, "And Queen of all Burbank, Miss Mary Frances Reynolds."

As per agreement, Warners handed her a contract, but no work till the very end when she played June Haver's sister in "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady." The awful part was dropping out of the beautiful hurlyburly of Burroughs. Mornings she went to school at the studio, afternoons she tried returning to her own bailiwick, and she learned firsthand of the perils of prominence. Lots of the kids expected her to be snooty, so they beat her to the punch by being snooty first. She'd trail home and cry like mad, which relieved her emotions, but failed to solve the dilemma. She advised herself, (1) Cheer up; (2) Steer clear of Burroughs till your contract runs out, then go back and forget the whole dumb deal, including Deborah.

That's the name they picked for her, Deborah. "What's wrong with Mary Frances?"

"Too plain. What's wrong with Deborah?"

"Too dignified."

They compromised on Debbie. But to her family and school friends, she remains Franny. To herself, she's a split personality. "I feel like Franny at home and like Debbie on the lot, and you'd be surprised how the two of us get along."

Burroughs she had to get along without. M-G-M caught her when Warners dropped her option. "Two Weeks With Love" did the trick. Most beginners (and some veterans) will tell you they writhe in torment through their own performances. Such is their agony that they skulk into darkened theatres to suffer alone. Debbie's the exception. In addition to parents, grandparents, brother Bill and his wife, Joyce, she rounded up twenty of her gang for the sneak preview. If they liked it, fine. If not, the world would still turn. Watching herself on the screen, she felt no pain. Out of her first bout with autograph hounds she got the topsyturviest feeling. "They acted like I was doing them a favor. Golly, imagine what they were doing for me!" After a malt with her girl friends, she went home to her folks who never dreamed of calling her wonderful. They liked her, that's all. Bill said, "Pretty good, Sis." She

doesn't remember what anyone else said. As Mary Frances, Bill's "pretty good" had always been her private Academy Award. It was good enough for Debbie.

The picture started Debbie's stock soaring and her mind working. Up to then, it had all been an accident, pleasant but crazy—and likely to explode in her face any day. Up to then, none of it mattered much. But suddenly it came to matter a lot. "You know that old corny saying about grease-paint getting inside of you? Well, it's inside of me," she informed her parents.

On the subject of her mother and father, she's not effusive. She just talks about them, and soon it becomes plain that no parents were ever more popular with a child. "They're immensely broadminded. Not knowing a thing about show business, all of a sudden here I am in the midst of it. Many others would likely be inclined to say, 'We don't think our daughter ought to go into it. This is supposed to be quite a fast business. She might change.' What they did, without telling me till much later, was just quietly take themselves over to Warner Brothers, and meet practically everybody except Jack Warner. There's nothing at all wrong with these people, they decided. They're pretty nice folks—and you can be just as fast in whatever business, if that's how you feel about it. So when I said I wanted to stay in, it was fine with them."

For the rest, she feels very lucky, but keeps a temperate head. "I don't burst with excitement. I'm not demonstrative that way. Maybe it's better when you are. It makes people think you appreciate it more. I couldn't appreciate it more, but I can't go around screaming about it and I'll tell you something: If a fairy godmother had tipped her wand and asked me to choose, I would have liked finishing high school first. High school's such an unworried kind of fun. This is a real responsible kind of fun. Please don't make it sound like complaining. It's just a small regret."

The family now includes Joyce and baby Gail—Bill's at Fort Ord—and they all live together in the house Dad bought when they left El Paso for Burbank twelve years ago. Since Burbank's a long haul from the studio, Debbie's sometimes asked why she didn't take a place of her own. This query never ceases to puzzle her. "What for? I'd be embarrassed even to mention it. It's like saying your parents' house isn't good enough. I love their house. I wouldn't want to live anyplace else. It's not the size that makes a home, but the spirit. In size, it has bedrooms enough for all of us. In spirit, it says, 'Come in and bring your friends and take your shoes off.'"

Dad works for the Southern Pacific. Mother's a housewife. They live on his salary, as always. Debbie's business manager invests her earnings, and gives her twenty a week to squander. "That goes for lunches, bowling, shows, and if I want to buy a belt or something. Right now the family's away, so I have to spend more for food. And my dog, Tourjeté (named after a ballet step) and cat, Henry, eat better than I do."

Living at home doesn't cramp her sense of independence, an asset diligently fostered by her elders. In her three years at M-G-M, Dad's never been seen on the lot, and Mother rarely. "You wouldn't believe it," she reported to Mom one day, "but some mothers stick with the girl. This would be to me very disconcerting. It would wear me out."

"Wear you out? And what on earth do you think it would do to me? I don't have to follow you, Franny. You've been raised so we know you won't go off your rocker."

She's been working too constantly to enjoy much leisure. Even on Sundays, she poses for magazine layouts. But when a holiday does come along, her idea of fun is to sleep late, have a girl friend or two over, swim and lie in the sun with the radio on. Evenings she gets in around seven, eats, helps with the dishes, plays records, reads and goes to bed.

She thinks it's wrong to let movies push all the rest of life out of your head, and make you one-sided. In her family, you can't be one-sided, because they're interested in too many other things. With Dad, she has big discussions about politics and what she calls "worldly situations." Mom's community-minded, active in Scouting and the local Blood Bank. If Mom fails to get her quota, it upsets her to where she can't eat or sleep. It upsets them all. Anything to do with Korea is their vital concern, not only because Bill's at Fort Ord, but because lots of boys they know and don't know are at the fighting front. Apathy on this score stirs Debbie to battle. "Some people know there's a war on, but not with their hearts. They say, 'Yes, it's terrible,' but ask them for a pint of blood they'll never miss and some kid might die without it, and they drift away." The green eyes cloud. "I don't know if it makes me mad or sad."

She used to get mad with the greatest of ease. Time was when she'd holler and claw and hit, or stomp off in a rage when they called a foul on her. Somewhere in junior high she got wise to herself. Said Debbie to Debbie: "You're being pretty childish, letting yourself blow your top on purpose about stuff you won't even remember tomorrow. Better change your ways, sister." And she did.

Both at home and studio, she's predisposed in favor of the human race, though some members of it, like habitual late-comers, drive her nuts. And she has no use for people who pretend. She can always spot them. "Because they're too, too sweet or too, too something." According to Mother, one of her main faults is how she treats the few who get on her nerves. "I find it hard not to be really sarcastic. I do all I possibly can to antagonize them. I usually succeed." Mother believes in politeness, no matter how you feel. So does Debbie, in theory.

Debbie's dream-come-true is her swimming pool. They joked about it at home, knowing they'd never be able to afford it. But after her contract, the joke turned into the dream, and the dream came closer when her manager said she had enough money in the bank. Dad was against it, however. He doesn't like you to change things round the house. So she went to work on him. Not in a crude way, not nagging, "Dad, please can I have a pool?" Very subtly. Say they'd be mowing the lawn on a hot afternoon, and she'd push the damp hair from her brow, heave a heart-rending sigh over all the grass left to be cut, and watch him weaken out of the corner of her eye. By the time he left for his vacation, she saw he was weak enough to stand the shock. "So home he comes and finds this big enormous hole in the ground. My poor father just looked at it. Then he said that what's done is done, which has always been his philosophy. But on top of that he likes swimming."

When it came to her room, she asked the question direct. "Pop, can I make my room bigger?"

"What for?"
"My clothes. They're spilling over."
"Can't be done, Franny. It means changing the roof."

As a practical psychologist, Franny's no dope. Before departing on a personal appearance tour, she carefully arranged garments every which way over bed, tables



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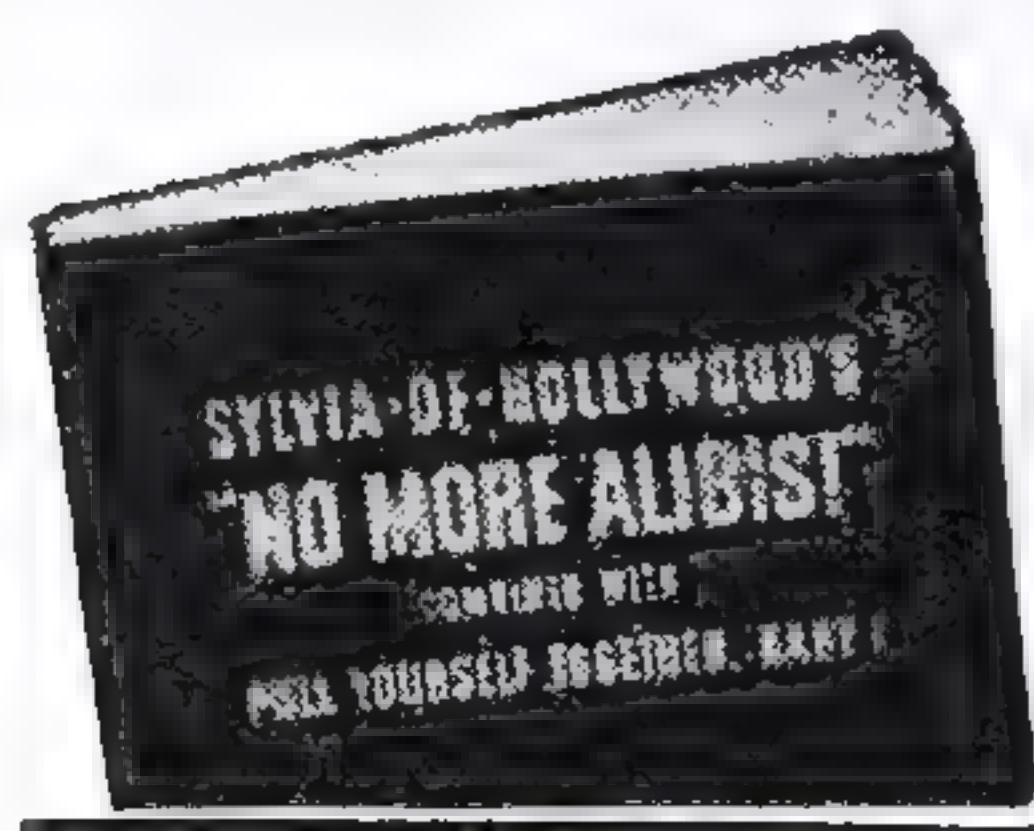
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and chairs, achieving an effect of orderly disorder. She figured her father'd wander into the room. She figured he'd miss her. She figured his heart would be smitten for his poor absent daughter without enough space in her home to hang up her clothes, though she did her pathetic best. She figured right. On her first night back Dad produced a paper. "About your room, honey. I called in some men and got some estimates. Let's sit down and see who can build it the best for the least."

When it was completed, Mother sectioned off the cabinet for her monkey collection, so that each monkey has its own little nook. Her delight in monkeys dates from her earliest visits to the zoo. Dolls she never cared for, though she's kept about seven for her children, in case there's a girl and she's silly enough to prefer dolls to monkeys. Her thwarted ambition is to own a live one. Whenever she mentions it, the roof comes off. "Dogs, cats, I don't mind," says Mom. "But monkeys, no!"

"Then I'll just have to warn my husband."

"What husband?"

"The one I won't marry unless he gives me a monkey."

But at the moment, marriage is something she thinks of as way off in the future. Bob Wagner—universally known as R. J.—is the boy she dates most, which doesn't mean they're exclusive with each other. She enjoys going out but not to the point of overdoing it. For one thing she works too hard. For another, she is a sleepyhead and 'round eleven she gets tired.

R. J. understands Debbie perfectly. He's a most considerate person. If you're dead

beat and beg off a date, he never gives you a sarcastic routine. He says, "Get a good night's rest. I'll call you next week."

R. J. doesn't try to change her, doesn't think her monkey collection's idiotic, doesn't poke fun at Scouting. "I don't have time to be active in it now, but I'm vitally interested. Some people think if you're in the Girl Scouts, you have to be this small, smaller than Tourjeté, or Henry. They think when you're grown up, it's the stupidest thing which, if you'll pardon me, is pure ignorance. R. J. kids me about it, but in a sympathetic way, and that's different. I'm completely myself with him, for better or worse, and I don't mean the marriage service. I just mean friendship."

Marriage is like a career, Debbie believes. It takes lots of time. To be fair all round, a girl should either have her career well set or else no career. Janie Powell was set. So was Liz Taylor. Debbie's just building up what they've had seven years to accomplish. "I was thinking about it the other night. How I dash out of bed in the morning, work all day, then barely have time to rush home and hit the sack. Heavens-to-Betsy, my poor husband would never even see me."

A messenger came to call her back to rehearsal. Hoisting her poodle under one arm and her thermos under the other, she flitted off like a sunbeam in pedal-pushers, leaving the alley a little drabber. Which remark, being too, too sentimental, will doubtless annoy the heck out of her. So maybe we'd better take a leaf out of brother Bill's book. As a performer, he dubbed her pretty good. As a girl, she's likewise. **THE END**

Change of Heart

(Continued from page 68)

Richard Coyle had been Mitzi's best beau since she was seventeen. At that time, her rise to movie stardom was a dream. But it was a dream she knew would come true—with steady and hard work. Yet Mitzi had another dream, one of a home, a husband, and children. And when she first saw Richard, she knew with the confidence of her seventeen years that this was the man who should share her future.

Older minds might have laughingly considered Richard Mitzi's first "crush." When her mother saw that Mitzi was serious, she didn't laugh it off. Instead, she wisely extracted a promise from her daughter that she would not wed until she was twenty-one . . . until she knew beyond a doubt that she was ready for marriage. Mitzi made the promise and told Richard, "That gives me four whole years to prepare myself to be a good wife."

But toward the end, Mitzi, who has always considered marriage the most important step in anyone's life, found that doubts had begun setting in. There should be no doubts, she realized. And that was when she began to take stock of her life.

Seventeen is the time when most young girls are caught up in a happy social whirl. They have crushes. They "go steady." But for the most part, they generally date a good many fellows before finding the one and only. Mitzi never had a great deal of the carefree freedom that one associates with school days. She worked long hours for her stardom and it was a full-time job. Then she found Richard, and she went with no one else for four years.

Growing up can be a bewildering experience under the most normal circumstances. Mitzi achieved stardom in the process. And once she had attained her goal, suddenly she had more time to take a good look at the world and herself. In

growing up, Mitzi saw that she had changed. Today she's more mature, with a more sophisticated sparkle, both as a person and a personality. And she has an exciting new future before her.

There have been rumors that there is another man in Mitzi's life. A very important man. It has been said that he entered the picture during the time she was appearing in the musical comedy, "Jollyanna," in San Francisco. It has also been said that he hired a noted dance director to sharpen Mitzi's dance numbers in the show.

It could, of course, be love. There is nothing Hollywood likes better than a love story, which may explain the rumors. However, according to the Hollywood grapevine, Mitzi's friend is making plans to produce a lavish musical. This being the case, Mitzi, one of the most talented dancers in film-land, would be a likely choice for the lead. So it is more logical to assume that his interest is business—rather than romance.

Another report substantiates this conclusion by its mere absurdity. As rumors go, they have gone from the mysteriously romantic to the ridiculous. One fantastic report had it that Mitzi's new beau was having her carefully watched twenty-four hours a day. If true, the guard did double duty, as Mitzi's mother is with her constantly. They have moved from the house they shared with Richard and his mother and are now sharing a modest apartment together.

In breaking her engagement, Mitzi has ended a chapter in her life. "Actually," a friend of the Gaynors has said, "This has been coming for a long time."

It's hard for a girl to admit that she was wrong. Especially, when it means hurting one of the best friends she will ever have. A change of heart takes courage—like Mitzi's. **THE END**

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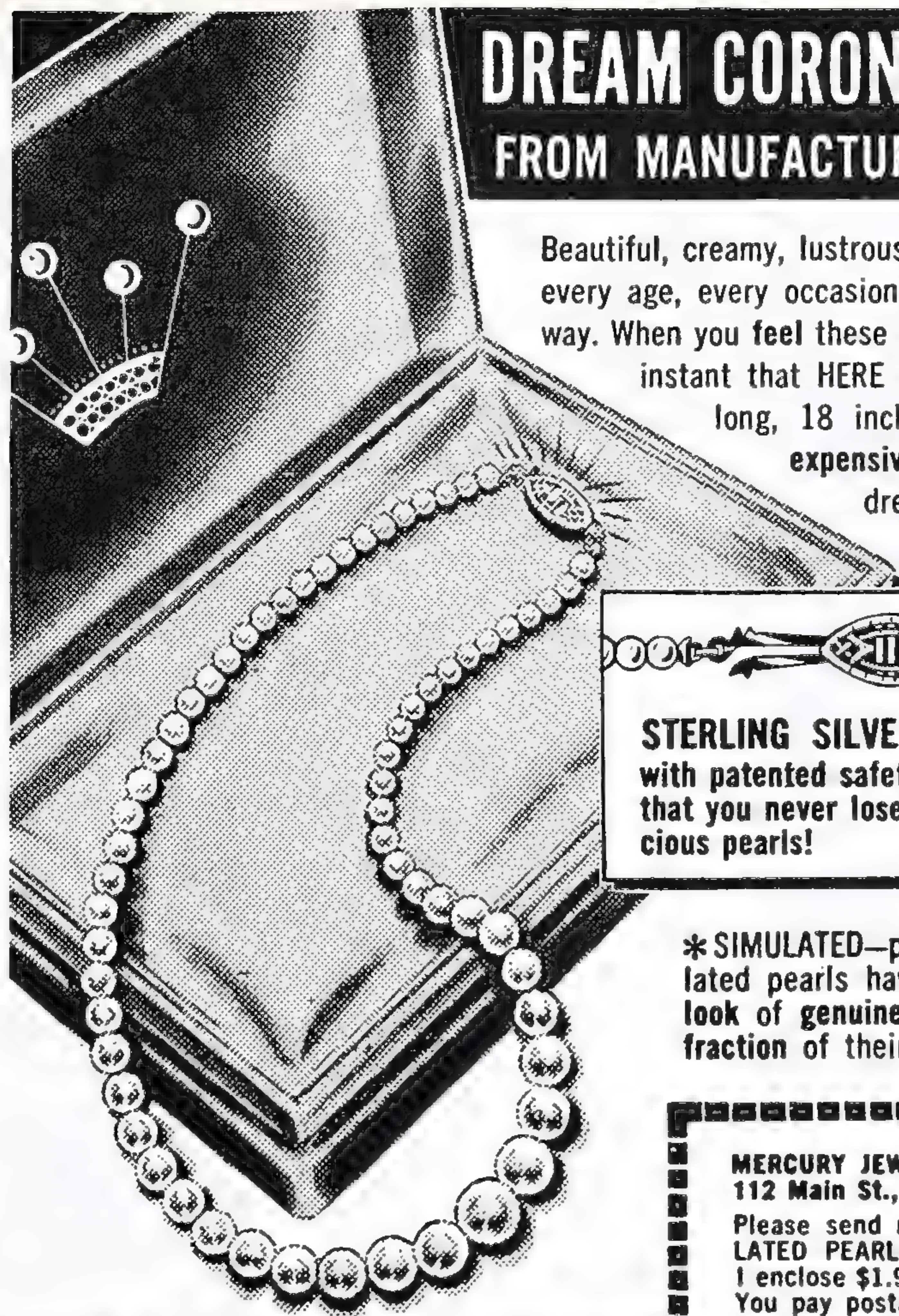
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Dolls Without Guys

(Continued from page 41)

with Greg Bautzer, took to her heels when he dated another very lonely lady of Hollywood, Jane Wyman. And I always did say it was broadening for a girl to travel, coz right off the boat and the bat in Paris, Ginger got herself a handsome Frenchman, Jacques Bergerac—I believe the translation for the name is "Shepherd"—and this French guy made a fine shepherd for our little Bo Peep.

Everyone here loves Janie Wyman, but her romantic life since she was wooed by Ronnie Reagan has been on the catch as catch can order. After the divorce, you couldn't sell her *Don Juan*, but when the normal depression was over she perked up and decided she was too young to be a stag at eve. But what was there in the male line for a gal to choose from? Of course, there was always Mr. Bautzer, then in one of the off periods with Ginger. He made a beeline for the honey. I believe the hectic romance lasted all of three months and poof, it was over.

Then along came Travis Kleefeld, twenty-six, handsome, well-heeled. Janie tied up her loose ends and fell hook line and blinker for the charming real estater who would have been lucky to get Wyman for a bride. But came the disillusionment—his parents didn't swoon for the actress. And she realized there was too big an age gap. The girl everyone loves wasn't in love and wasn't being dittoed.

It's a fine kettle of female fish when beautiful girls like Barbara Stanwyck and Nancy Sinatra have to go to parties together because of the manless condition here. For a while, Babs was in luck. Jean Pierre Aumont liked her very much. But the same breaker-upper of her marriage to Robert Taylor took Jean away—he had to go to France to work. I believe that if Aumont had been able to stay, the mutual interest might have ended at the altar. But it was too soon for Jean after the tragic death of his wife, Maria Montez.

So, trying to keep her life uncomplicated, and because there are so few eligible men around, the two rover girls, Babs and Nancy, chaperone each other to the smart cafes and soirees.

Of course Pete Lawford doesn't help the more-girls-than-men situation here. He has always been social, but he used to escort movie actresses, especially when they were in the limelight for any reason. Now he's strictly Southampton, Long Island, or Palm Beach, Florida.

Rock Hudson is the Dowagers' Delight. Also the Debs'. How they creep up for the close-up with the tall, dark and oh-so-handsome young actor! Rock, very amiable, plays no favorites, although he confides that the only girl who has really interested him since Vera-Ellen is Marilyn Maxwell. But not for any obvious reasons. "She likes to laugh, and she isn't possessive," Rock explained.

The quickest way for an unknown male to get his name in the papers is to latch on to a movie star actress. No one had heard of David Niven until he was seen everywhere with Merle Oberon, many years ago. In fact, who, outside the small international set, had heard of Aly Khan before he chased Rita to Hollywood? But I want to give a plug here and now to young Craig Hill, who is sticking to his unknown girl in Laguna, when he could win scads of free publicity if seen with star actresses of the Piper Laurie calibre.

So who does Piper go with all the time? Middle-aged producer Len Goldstein, who used to make pictures with her at Universal-International. But this one looks more like companionship than marriage.

There just isn't a young man around that the extremely intelligent Piper wants to spend a lot of time with, although she has been seen with Dick Anderson lately.

But then, can the young men afford to dine her at Romanoff's, La Rue's or Chasen's? The answer, in most cases, "No." I'd like to set Piper down in a city in Texas—where men are men and there are lots of them—where she could choose instead of being chosen.

Before Howard Duff married Ida Lupino, he told me, "I won't date anyone who makes more money than I do." I don't know what Ida makes. But the checkbook is another reason why single star actresses have such a rugged time on the male dating front. How many men are there who can match incomes with ingenues who can earn up to \$5,000 a week? And a man who's a man for all that, doesn't usually let the lady pay. Better to call his soul his own.

The loneliest gal in town has always been Hedy Lamarr. A director friend of mine from abroad, told me that the day after he was introduced to Hedy at a dinner party, she called him. And he didn't know whether to be flattered or frightened. I refrained from asking why Hedy had telephoned. I'm sure he wouldn't have told me. But I'm just as sure it was because she was lonely and liked the looks of this man. We're living in a modern age, so why not call for a date?

Kirk Douglas learned the feminine facts of life in Hollywood when his beautiful wife Diana divorced him. He found a world of waiting women from Rita to Gene Tierney to Terry Moore—all ready, willing and able to dine with him at the drop of a phone call.

Cy Howard has an antenna—invisible but potent—that lets him know when a girl is going to be in the news. He landed Lana immediately after she left Topping, for his dine-and-dance date. He caught Rita when she walked out on Aly. He pursued Paulette Goddard to Europe. It's all good for party business.

Ann Miller would give all her dancing shoes if she could snare a "Will you marry me?" from Bill O'Connor. But the legal luminary is very elusive.

Pat Neal took a real beating publicity-wise from the aforementioned Mr. Cooper. I honestly believe that Pat would rather be lonely than in the limelight with a married man. But she fell in love with Gary, and he did with her. He just couldn't quite make the leap from one marriage to another. And Pat did the only thing a girl as innately nice as she is, could do. She went away. I see her about, kind of lonely, but the chin is up.

It was a lucky day for Ann Sothern when Dick Egan crossed her path. He's a nice guy and she knew he wasn't using her for publicity when he called. But in this town a woman doesn't always know. There's a type of man who likes to dress himself, so to speak, with a beautiful woman. Joan Crawford will know what I mean. And a star has to be seen at premieres and such. So sometimes, she says, "Yes," even though she isn't fooled.

And hostesses squawk about inviting single women. They might have to find someone to pick them up and take them home. But usually, the lonely lady goes to the party alone, hoping she won't leave alone, but it's dollars to dimes she will. Because the stags have so many fauns to choose from. And it's strange to see Hedy or Barbara or Joan or Ginger, vanishing into the night, driving off in a new Cadillac, without a guy. Dolls without guys—that's Hollywood for you—a big hunk of it, anyway. **THE END**

I'll Bet on Burt

(Continued from page 53)

he became a star. On his first trip out of Hollywood with Mark Hellinger, the producer who discovered him, Burt arrived in San Francisco without so much as a tooth brush, let alone a change of suits. These days, he's as conscientious about being well-dressed in public as he is about taking a fair, friendly attitude toward autograph-hunters. It's all part of what he calls "the responsibilities of stardom," but it took him a while to begin feeling these responsibilities—maybe, I figure, because he was the baby of the family. We did have a daughter younger than Burt, but she died when she was two, so it was just Burt that Willie and Jim and Jane looked out for, fighting his fights. He had no reason then to develop the sense of responsibility he has now.

I didn't have much time to devote to the children, with my post-office job in the daytime, and in the evening, repair work on a couple of small houses I owned and rented. I was a Sunday father—"a fun father," Burt puts it. It was my pleasure to take the kids over to Central Park on Sunday afternoons to play baseball, eat popcorn, visit the zoo and drink soda pop. My wife really brought up our family, and a wonderful job she did.

Burt never argued with his mother. He did try it once, and he couldn't sit down for a week. Mostly, he'd charm his way out of getting a spanking. His big blue eyes normally had a devilish look, but boy!—how he could turn on the innocence when it served his purpose. He'd see his mother coming after him with fire in her eye and a switch in her hand, and he'd start singing "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" in his good Irish tenor. It usually worked. Or he'd throw his arms around his mother's neck, smile that beautiful smile of his and say, with more schmaltz than you'd hear in a Viennese waltz, "Mother dear, you don't love me any more." Mrs. Lancaster, I regret to say, would melt, while Willie and Jim, no charm boys, looked on in utter disgust.

Burt still uses that ingratiating smile when he gets backed into a corner. I believe that boy could smile his way out of anything. But in some way his mother managed to keep him disciplined. My wife had a phobia about dishonesty. She was determined that our children grow up to be decent, law-abiding citizens. I recall one day when Burt was eight or nine. He came home from a grocery-store errand with sixteen cents when he should have had only eleven. First he got a cuffing for cheating the clerk; then he was sent straight back to the store to return the extra nickel.

An incident when Burt was in high school made me proud to see how that lesson had stuck with him. Coming out of the Corn Exchange Bank in our neighborhood, he saw a twenty-dollar bill on the sidewalk. His first impulse was to pick it up and run. But he didn't. He covered it with his foot and leaned against a fireplug to wait. "If nobody comes along to claim it in twenty minutes," he told himself, "it's mine." At the end of nineteen minutes a little old lady scampered up and asked plaintively whether he'd seen a twenty-dollar bill. Burt lifted his foot and gave her the money. Of course, he kind of ruined the story when he told it to me by adding, "I cursed myself all the way home for being such a dope."

Even as a youngster, Burt had a shrewd sense of money. Maybe that's why he's produced his own pictures successfully, while so many other actors have gone broke that way. He wasn't much good at arithmetic problems in school, but when

it came to genuine nickels and dimes he was real smart. One summer, he decided he wasn't making enough money on his paper route, so he went into the shoe-shine business. "I set up my stand outside Macy's on the Thirty-fifth Street side, Dad," he told me. "It's the most profitable spot in town. That's where the shoe salesmen go in and come out. They have to have a shine twice a day, and I catch 'em coming and going!"

Burt's generally very cautious with his money now, except that he's a soft touch for the old has-beens of show business. He won't talk about this, and I'd get in wrong with him if I went into detail, but plenty of hard-up actors and circus people know the facts. His interest in show business developed early in life. You might say he inherited it. When I was a young man, I used to win prizes on amateur nights at the local theatres for my song and dance routine called "The Broadway Swell and the Bowery Bum." I played the accordion and the harmonica, too.

Burt got his acting start at the non-denominational Church of the Son of Man and the Union Settlement House, in our neighborhood. I remember his opening line well—too well! When he was three years old, he played a shepherd (wearing a burlap potato sack) in a Nativity pageant. Needless to say, he wasn't assigned any dialogue. In the midst of the performance, he discovered he had chewing gum stuck to one shoe. So he sat down center stage and proceeded to pull it off. After much exasperated pulling, he snarled at the top of his little voice, "How'd this damn gum get on my shoe?" Mrs. Lancaster was not amused. She couldn't wait to get her youngest off the stage.

But his career wasn't ruined. In fact, he finally got promoted; for years, the Lancaster boys played the Three Wise Men in the Christmas pageant. It became a sort of tradition. Willie and Jim weren't too keen about acting, but Burt got a big kick out of it. He was a movie fan, and at seven his great idol was Douglas Fairbanks. When "The Mark of Zorro" played the Atlas Theatre in our neighborhood, Burt was there when the doors opened at eleven. He was still there at eleven that night, forgetting all about lunch and dinner. Naturally, his mother was in a tizzy. "Willie," I said, "go get Burt. Bring him home even if you have to use force."

"Aw, Dad," Willie complained, "all I ever do around here is retrieve Burt." But he went and got Burt, and he used force, all right. This time, Mom didn't have to administer a licking; Willie had beaten her to it.

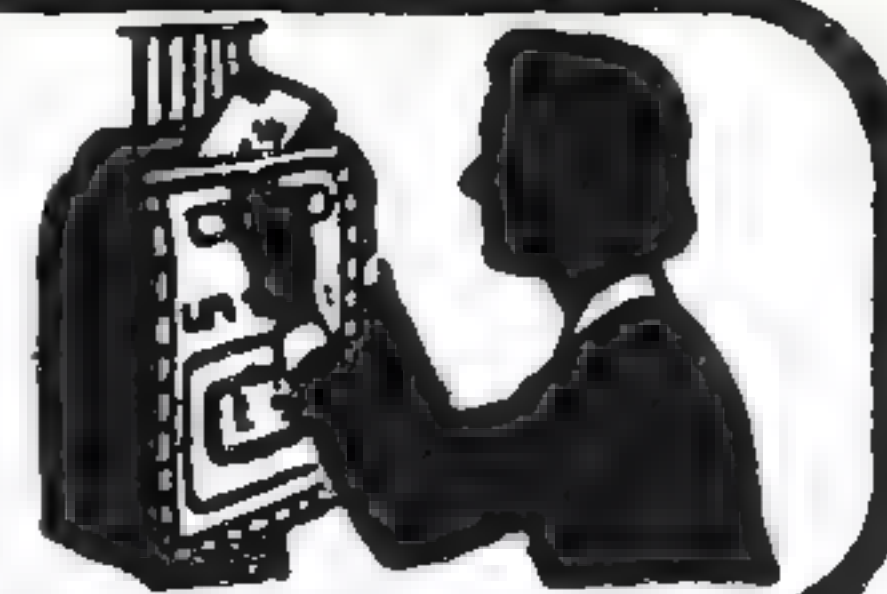
All the same, Burt wasn't the slightest bit discouraged. He'd go around the house jumping over everything in sight, trying to imitate the Fairbanks feats. It never occurred to me then that he'd eventually become an athlete; he was quite small as a child, and we figured he was going to be the runt of the family. Suddenly, at thirteen, he seemed to begin shooting up overnight, and turned out to be the tallest of the boys. (He's six feet, two now, weighs 185 pounds and has a forty-one inch chest.)

Burt started on his way toward being a second Doug Fairbanks when he met an Australian fellow named Curley Brent, a neighbor of ours who taught him how to do a few stunts on the horizontal bars. This taste for acrobatics got my boy and his pal Nick Cravat so excited that they decided to build bars of their own. Burt borrowed money from me; Nick got some from his mother; and soon the two of them, the husky blond kid and the wiry

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dark one, were swinging away in our back yard. You've seen the same team, grown up, showing their skill in "The Flame and the Arrow" and "The Crimson Pirate."

But I couldn't foresee this, so I was pretty exasperated with Burt, some years later, when he left college and went off with Nick to join a circus—at three dollars a week apiece! If his mother had been alive at the time (she died when he was fifteen), I don't think he would have made this break. Mrs. Lancaster was set on the children getting college diplomas, and the other three did. Probably, my own old-time interest in show business kept me from trying too hard to talk Burt out of turning acrobat. Whenever a circus or carnival including his act came within twenty-five miles of New York, I'd always go and see him. Burt doing giant swings and somersaults was really something. But I couldn't help thinking that his mother wouldn't have liked it.

Of course, Burt still keeps in top athletic trim even while he's working on a picture that doesn't call for any stunts. (Being a frustrated actor myself, I'm extra proud of the dramatic job he does in "Come Back, Little Sheba.") He has horizontal bars at his home, works out on them regularly.

In the last couple of years, Burt's been far away from home a good deal, making pictures on location. The business of ranging from Ischia to the Fiji Islands reminds me again of that little towhead. I sympathized with Willie's complaint about all the time he spent "retrieving," because Burt could get lost easier than any kid I've ever seen. When the postal employees and their families had their big yearly clambake at Coney Island, Burt always got lost, and Willie always spent the day trying to find him. Burt's wanderings were mostly due to his great curiosity. As a kid, he was interested in everything. Still is. I guess I've heard him say a million times, "But I want to know *why*."

For me and the rest of the family, his travels can often be unnerving—like the time early in October when a Fijian native's misaimed spear gave him a gash over the right eye, while he was working on "His Majesty O'Keefe." But his wanderlust seems to be unsatisfied, and we all know better than to try tying him down.

When I say "the family" now, I mean my daughter-in-law, Norma, my remarkable grandchildren, Billy, Susan and Joanna, and step-grandchild, James, Norma's son by her first marriage. A few years ago, Burt persuaded me to come out and live with them at their West Los Angeles home. William has died, but his widow lives near us. Jane and Jim are still in New York, Jane teaching school and Jim on the police force.

While I'm not sure what Burt's mother would have thought of all his globe-trotting and the devil-may-care stunts he does in line of duty, I do know that his marriage would have made her very, very happy. When he was in his teens, he never seemed to bother much about girls, but I suspect he made up for lost time later, after he'd left home. Certainly, there was nothing bashful in the way he went about courting Norma. They met during the war in Pisa, Italy, where Burt was with the Army and Norma Anderson with the USO. And they must have been really taken with each other, because when Burt was ordered back to Florence and Norma to Rome, she smuggled herself into a plane and hopped out at Florence to meet him. The M.P.'s caught up with both of them; Burt got guard duty; the USO authorities confined Norma to quarters for three weeks. But this opposition only made them more sure that they'd eventu-

ally be Mr. and Mrs. It was just like Norma to insist on packing up the three older children and going along on his recent jaunt to the Fijis.

Yes, this daughter-in-law of mine is exactly the right wife for Burt, and he knows it. Not that they think alike on everything—Norma usually seems to take life lightly, is full of laughs, while Burt's essentially a serious-minded guy, inclined to get intense about ideas and situations. He always has been a dreamer; when he was a little kid, he could be off in his own dream world for hours, and he wouldn't hear a thing you'd say to him.

Because of some of the parts he plays in pictures, people get the notion that he's a rough sort of bum who shaves with a blowtorch. Truth is, he's always been crazy about books and music. As a boy, he belonged to both the 110th Street and the 96th Street libraries. His mother would tuck him into bed at nights, and he'd give her a big loving kiss and pretend to settle down to sleep. But she'd hardly closed the door before he'd have the bed covers pulled up to hide a flashlight and a *Frank Merriwell* book, and if he wasn't caught at it he'd be likely to read away until daylight. Today, I'll bet Burt is one of the best-read actors in Hollywood. He keeps up with all the important books, and he'll sit up all night reading if something catches his interest especially.

Even as a small boy, he loved symphonies. Many a night I'd come home from my repairing chores and stumble over a body stretched out on the living-room floor. There would be Burt, listening to a symphony. We had a cabinet-model radio, and he'd turn it down low and stick his head under it so the rest of the household wouldn't be kept awake. Later, when he was making a few bucks here and there, he went to the Lewisohn Stadium concerts regularly. When he was eighteen he took voice lessons, but soon decided to stick to listening. Opera's another interest of his; he talks about it like a real long-hair.

These evenings, I come into the living room carefully to avoid tripping over the same body (slightly bigger now). Burt still stretches on the floor to listen to the record player. His tastes have spread out; he likes light opera, tunes from musical shows and all kinds of good jazz, as well as classical stuff. He sings just for fun, kidding about his voice.

Burt and Norma are stay-at-homes, I'd say. He enjoys catching a ballet when there's one in town, and Norma likes to go to the movies a couple of nights a week. If it was easier for her to get Burt into dress-up outfits, they'd go to more big parties than they do. Their own style of entertaining is never extra fancy. Norma can toss together a dinner for anywhere from four to fourteen people without making a fuss about it. Burt always takes over in the salad department. Caesar salad's the specialty of the house.

They're great meat and spaghetti eaters, and I'm not surprised that they go in for substantial food. Burt wasn't brought up to be finicky; his mother saw to it that all the children ate what was put in front of them, and she never had any trouble persuading our youngest to polish his plate. So friends get a generous spread at the Lancasters' when they drop in now.

A lot of these visitors are circus and carnival people who knew Burt when. And I guess you know who Burt's best friend is—same kid I used to see out in our back yard with him, doing stunts on the horizontal bars. If Burt, boy or man, has been hard to get along with, Nick Cravat certainly doesn't know it, any more than I do.

THE END

Shyest Guy in Town

(Continued on page 39)

match. If you're like me, they don't. When I was twelve and in the seventh grade, I was nearly six feet tall.

I looked like a match walking. I weighed a hundred and thirty. Now, at six-foot-four, I weigh two hundred. But then I could barely carry my hands and feet. They were so huge they spread all over everything.

Then I had another handicap that kept me from being a member of the lodge. As high as my head was, my voice was higher. Being the boy soprano in the church choir when I was eight had been keen. But being the boy soprano when I was thirteen—chums, that was murder.

Socially, I was sparkling as lead, too. That word "social" meant something in my home town, Winnetka, Illinois. I love that town, always did, always will. But it is a rich suburb of Chicago and it definitely has two sides of the track. I came from the wrong side.

Yet the best things I know today about good manners, kindness and gracious living were taught to me by the mother of one of my school chums who lived on the right side.

The big thing about being shy is that it not only spoils your own enjoyment, but the enjoyment of everybody around you. I know now that everyone is generous. We all want to give. But the "give" works both ways. If someone has been kind to you, you should reward them with your appreciation warmly spoken.

In my own case, all I used to be able to do was mumble, "Thanks." Take the dancing teacher in Winnetka, who gave me free lessons. She was a wonderful teacher and instead of its being the rich kids' duty to go to her weekly classes, they looked forward to it eagerly. I never could have afforded the lessons, but she spotted me hanging around one day, invited me to dance with her, and then volunteered the other lessons. I was nearly overcome, and to keep it from being too much a thing in my mind, I told myself she liked dancing with me just because she was tall, and the average kid in the class only came to her shoulders. I'm even more grateful to her today than I was then—because now I know that hers was real generosity. But when I was ten, I couldn't possibly have told her what those lessons meant to me.

Actually, I think it was because I was so shy that I fell so violently in love the first time. I know all the clowning that goes on about so-called puppy love. It wasn't fun with me. It was deeply serious.

For all the girls, growing up, who feel shy because they are not beautiful, let me say right here that I don't believe I would have fallen in love with this first love of mine if she had been beautiful.

My girl was much too plump. She didn't know how to dress. Her skin wasn't perfect. But—and this was the big thing to me at that time—she was fun. She wasn't scared. She knew how to have fun. When it wasn't right there in front of her, something like a party date, let's say, she went out and made fun for herself and everybody concerned.

There I was, twice her size, exactly her age, but it was she, not I, who discovered the break in the hedge of one of Winnetka's big estates. She was the one who found out we could slip through the hedge and go swimming in the estate pool.

Boy, how beautiful that pool seemed to me then! I thought it was the most beautiful swimming pool there could possibly be—and do you want to know something? Now that I've seen hundreds of

pools in Hollywood, I'm sure that it was!

It started like a brook, rambling along the back of a hill. Its diving board came out between the branches of a tree. Then the stream widened, spreading out into a wide, round, very deep pool.

Let me tell you that when I finally do marry and have children—lots of children, I hope—the very first thing I shall teach them is sports, all the sports. I think this is especially fine for girls. I don't know any fellow who wants his girl to be the demon athlete; but when a girl does swim at least reasonably well—when she can take a swing at a golf or a tennis ball—she can meet a guy on a wonderful level of companionship. I shall teach both my sons and my daughters all the games. And while I'm teaching them games, I'll also try to teach them how to talk—and talk well.

My girl could talk well. And all I could do was lie there by the pool, watch her, and listen.

We went there nearly every day in the summer, even when it rained, my girl and I. When I had the price, I'd bring along some candy bars, and after we'd been swimming, we'd lie on the grass and look down across the lawns at the big house of the estate. It made me dream.

It made my girl dream, too. She'd say, "Roy," (my name then was Roy Fitzgerald), "Roy, when I grow up I'm going to be..."

*Tomorrow is the day you
prepare for that never comes*

GEORGE SANDERS

and then she'd spin out a day dream. She'd talk and talk and talk, and then she would say, "Now tell your plans for the future. What do you want to be?"

I never could tell her. I didn't know myself. But I knew that I wanted money, not for power, not to exploit other people, but to get at some of the gracious living I got glimpses of in Winnetka. And I wanted to marry my girl in a few years, when we were old enough. But I was too shy to tell her any of this. I never did.

So it's no wonder (though it was a terrible shock to me), that she told me, one day after nearly two years of this, that she was going to date another guy. He was on the high-school football team and he had shoulders to match his height, which couldn't be said of me. And his voice had deepened to where it belonged for life, which couldn't be said of me, either. And he expected to go into his dad's firm when he graduated. That really clammed me up. How could I tell her I'd seen a movie where Jon Hall dived off a crow's nest into a lagoon, and that I thought it was a slick way of making money? Right then and there my bug to be an actor was born—but all that seemed in sight for me at the hot age of fourteen was driving a truck. I couldn't tell my girl that. I didn't. I was too shy.

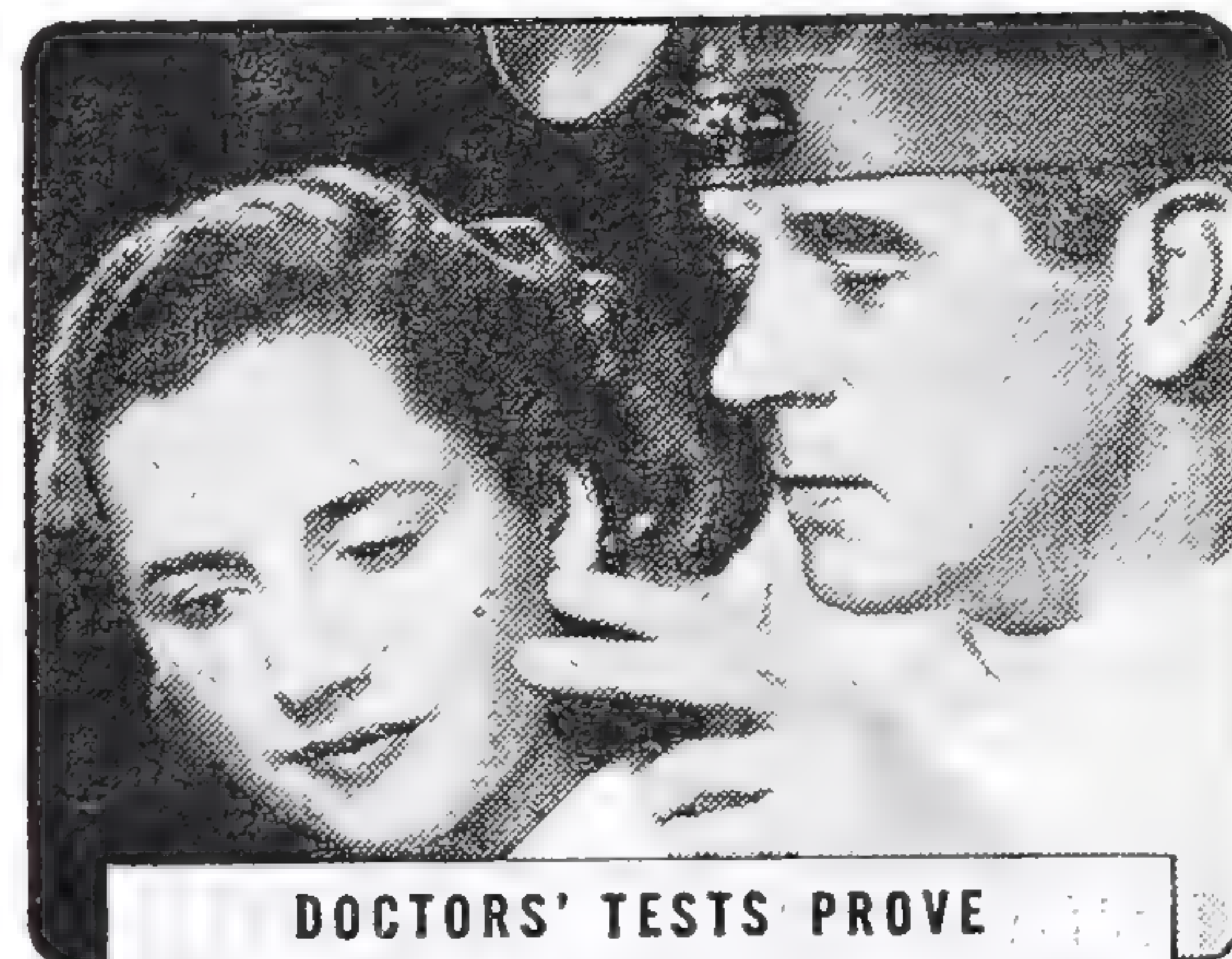
The goony part of my attitude was that a lot of things were happening to me that should have killed off my shyness. Like the Winnetka dancing. But I lost my girl—because I was too shy to speak out. And I have never forgotten her.

The Navy got me as soon as I graduated. And 1944 merged into 1946 as I was sent from Hawaii to Guam, from Guam to Australia, from Australia to the Philippines. Then they let me out and I headed

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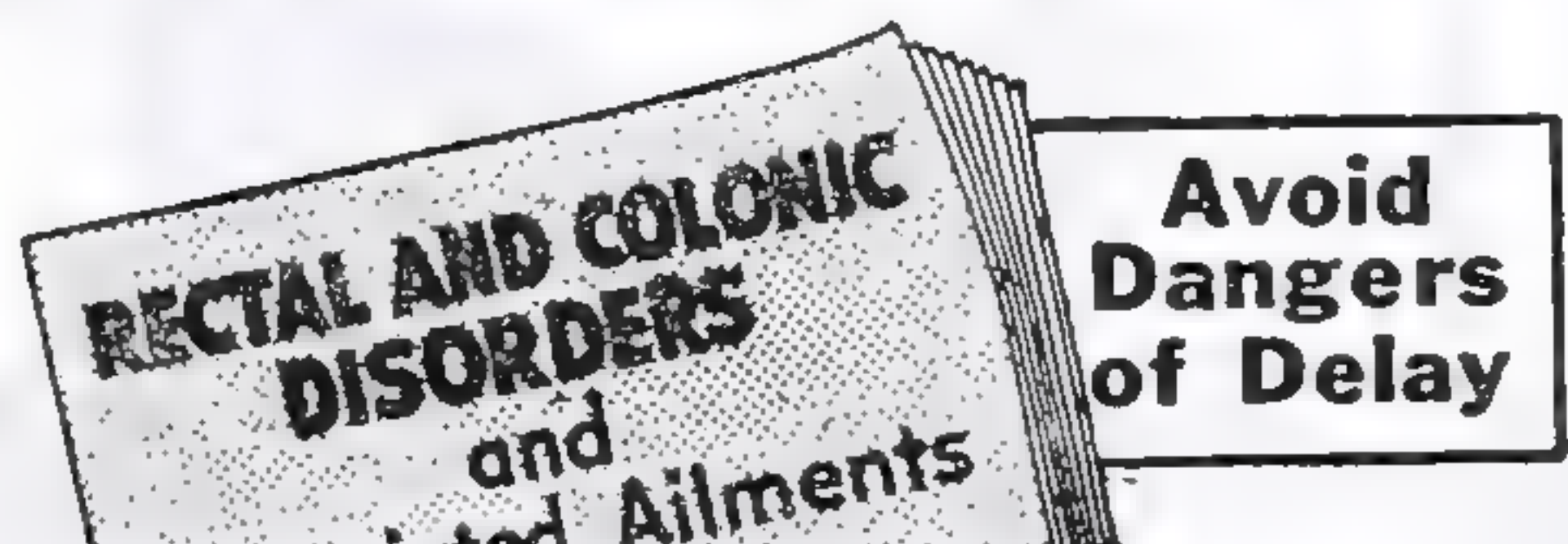
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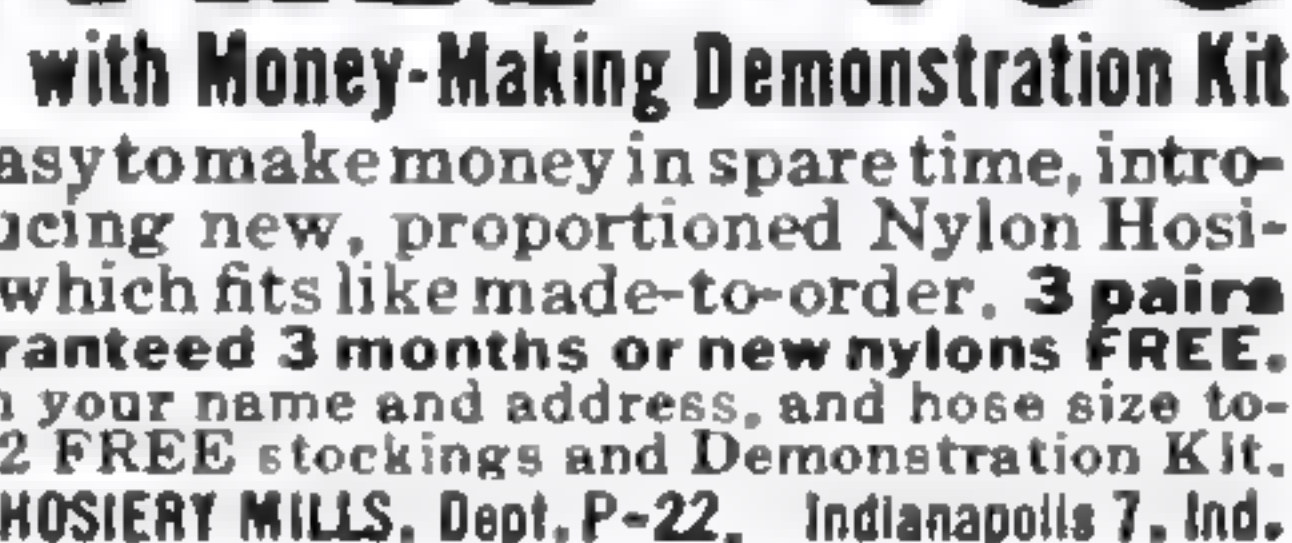


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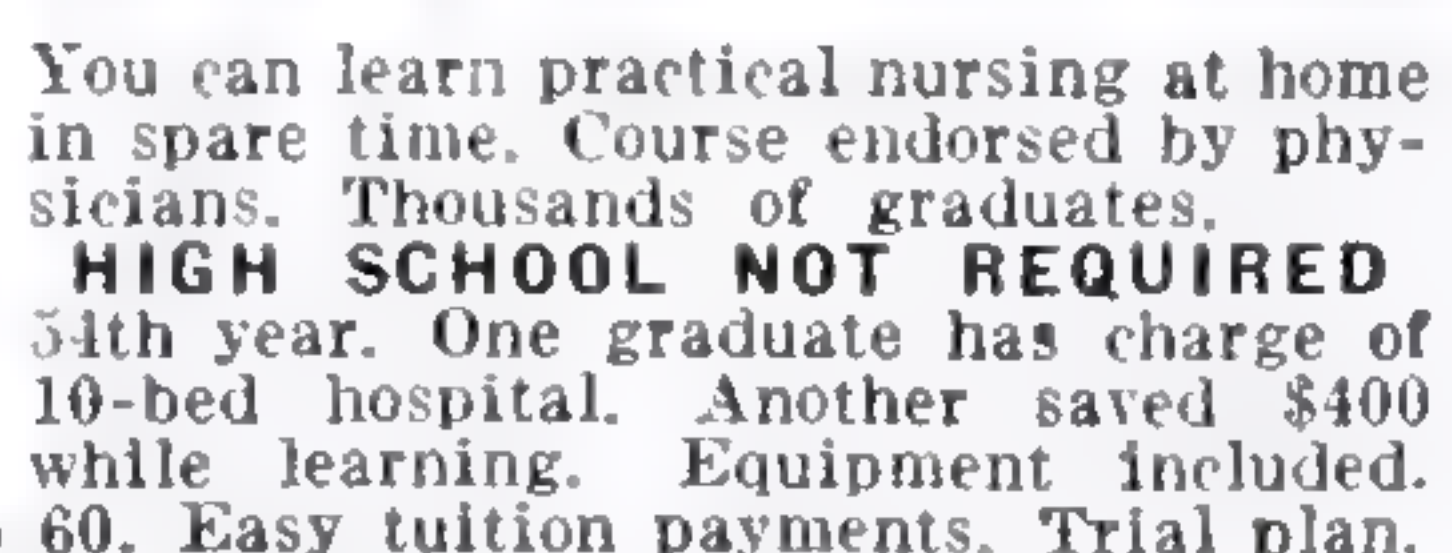
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THE END

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Marilyn Monroe

(Continued from page 36)

I did nothing wrong and I am not ashamed to admit I posed for the pictures. Mr. Kelly took them and his wife was present."

This same honesty and simplicity set the tone for our entire interview. Marilyn is twenty-six—give or take a year—and she stands accused of faking a tearful biography to give people the impression that she is far younger than that—and far more interesting. No one could be more eager than Marilyn to get the facts sorted out from the fiction.

Here is her story, just exactly as she told it to me, frankly and informally, in direct and spontaneous reply to a series of questions I knew the readers of Photoplay would want to have answered:

"There's been a lot of talk about your name," I said. "Why did you call yourself Norma Jean Baker?"

"When I was a tiny little tot, I was told that was my name. I did not choose it. So far as I knew, I was Norma Jean Baker, and I never heard anything to the contrary until I was in my teens. You see, my mother was married to a Mr. Baker. But he was not my father."

"How about this Edward Mortenson, who is mentioned in some of the stories as being your father?"

"I never called myself Mortenson at any time because Mr. Mortenson was not my father. He proved that to the satisfaction of the authorities, and for that reason he had no financial responsibility for me."

"What about your own father?" I asked.

"All I know is that he was killed in an automobile accident before I was born. My mother has not told me anything else about him. In giving the data for my biography at the studio, I told them just what I had been told myself. But I have been accused of lying since, because people came to the conclusion—on their own—that Edward Mortenson was my father."

I was reluctant to phrase the next question that popped into mind: "You've also been accused of telling untruths about your mother. Some of the stories say that you gave out information that she was dead."

"Again, people jumped to conclusions." Marilyn was unevasive. "I told them I had become a charge of the State of California and the County of Los Angeles because my mother was incurably ill and could no longer take care of me. They assumed when I said, 'incurable,' that she had subsequently died. But they did not ask, 'Is she dead?'"

Then I asked about the story that was printed recently that said she has an invalid brother who does not know he is related to her.

"I have never had a brother," she said. "I do have a half-sister, though—a very nice girl who lives in Florida. I met her through Mrs. Anna Lower, one of my guardians, and the woman who came closer to giving me a true mother's love than anyone else in the world."

"How did that happen?"

Mrs. Lower located Bernice, her half-sister, Marilyn said, when she herself had no idea at all where she was. "Two years ago," Marilyn recalled, "she came here to Hollywood to meet me. She is a lovely person. We have the same mother, but different fathers. It seemed strange to meet when we were already fully grown, but we liked each other on sight."

"Is it true that your ex-husband, James Dougherty," I asked next, "is now a police officer in Los Angeles and that he discusses you and his marriage to you very little?"

"Yes, that's quite true." She smiled. "He seldom discusses me, because his wife prefers that he doesn't. He has children now, and perhaps they would like the chil-

dren to think he hasn't been married before—it could be something of that sort."

"The story that's told, Marilyn, is that you married without love—and that what you really wanted, even though you might not have realized it, was just to have a home of your own. Is that so?"

Marilyn did not answer that immediately. She thought it over carefully, then said, "It's so hard to define reasons for something as emotional as marriage—especially if you're as young as I was. But I suppose you could say that having a home of my own had something to do with it. But there were other considerations—just being in love with love, or sex, or whatever you want to call it. We both realized soon that it wasn't going to be a success."

I wanted to know if it was true that she lived near Culver City while married.

"I never lived near Culver City, though that story's been printed again and again. I lived in Van Nuys, California. And it was there that I worked for the defense plant."

"Did you have a movie career in mind at that time? Were you studying drama?"

"I never thought about a career when I was working in the plant," she said. "In fact, I never did anything about it at all until after my divorce. In some article recently, it said that I started studying with Phil Moore during the defense-plant days. But that's not so. I first started to take lessons from him about a year and a half or two years ago."

"But you had had some sort of movie break, hadn't you, when you were in the defense plant?"

"Some Army public relations men used me in films of a defense plant in action, and those films were the basis for my getting started with the studios. It was those films, and nothing else."

"How about the story that you used to live across the street from Howard Keel and had a terrible crush on him?"

"True," Marilyn said. "He was Harry Keel then. I was about eleven or twelve, and he didn't even know I was alive."

I wanted to know about the story that she took a guardian into court with her, when she signed with Twentieth. "Was that to fool the studio about your age?"

"Of course not. The studio lawyers knew that, as a married woman of eighteen, I was not legally required to have a guardian in order to sign a contract. I took Mrs. Goddard with me at Twentieth's request. Since I was under twenty-one, they thought it was advisable."

"There was also a story about your mother being a Mexican."

"That's absolutely untrue. Her maiden name was Gladys Pearl Monroe. She is a direct descendant of President Monroe."

"All right now, how about Joe DiMaggio? Are you married to him?"

"No! I am not! And, on that subject—some people at the studio tell me it would be better for me to remain unmarried. They seem to feel I would lose some of my public if I settled down to a life of domesticity. I am very serious about my career. But if I decide I want to marry, I will not let my career stand in the way. When the time comes, I shall do as I please. But so far, I have not had to make a decision."

"It's true, isn't it," I then asked, "that the late John Hyde and Joe DiMaggio are the only two serious romances you've had since your divorce?"

"Just those two."

"Is it true that you once tried to make a home with your mother, and that it didn't work out?"

"That is absolutely false." She sounded distressed. "None of the doctors who have worked with my mother, and none of the



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people who've been responsible for me, have ever suggested such an arrangement. They've all known it wouldn't be fair to either of us—since there's no common ground on which to make a home."

I hated to ask the next question, but I felt I had to. "It's been said, Marilyn, that you have been negligent about your mother's support."

"I have contributed to her support when she needed help, ever since I've been making enough money to do so. But she's earned for herself a great part of the time. She was a cutter at RKO, and she did work at Columbia for a while."

Then we switched to a lighter subject—clothes. "The stories about your wardrobe run to the two extremes—that you have only a few very simple, inexpensive dresses—or that you have a lavish wardrobe of designer frocks."

"I don't have many clothes. I can't afford an extensive wardrobe yet. I have some cottons that run anywhere from ten dollars to thirty-five. And I have a few expensive items—dresses that cost over seventy-five. When I have to dress for a studio occasion, I use the wardrobe department."

"How about furs?"

"I don't own any. But I've borrowed fur coats from the studio. And I've also gone to evening parties in a cloth coat of my own, and I've been perfectly comfortable. I love clothes, but I don't worry about them. I think people are much too apt to confuse the trimmings with what's underneath them. Anyway, I don't need many elaborate clothes. I don't go to night clubs—and I've never been to a premiere."

"Things are going awfully well for you

financially now, aren't they?" I asked next.

"Oh, yes," Marilyn said. "And I never buy anything now without being sure I can afford it. But in the old days, I was always getting in too deep. When I first started in movies, I bought a record player on time payments. But, before I finished paying for it, I lost out at Twentieth—my option wasn't picked up—and that was the end of the record player. And then another time the finance company took back my car. All that taught me a lesson."

Marilyn isn't easy to catch for an interview these days. There are too many demands on her time. The studio casts her in one picture after another, since she is top box-office—"Don't Bother to Knock," "O. Henry's Full House," "We're Not Married," "Monkey Business," "Niagara," and just now she is rehearsing and preparing wardrobe for "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." But once she arrives at the interview she buckles down to it seriously and doesn't cut corners in time or detail. Only once, in New York, she told me, the pace became too strenuous for her.

"One woman asked me how long I thought a whale could remain submerged before it would die. Since I hadn't the faintest idea, and any guess I might make could look ridiculous in print. I asked her why she wanted me to answer such a strange question. 'It's a kind of intelligence test,' she said. I wondered whose intelligence was at stake—hers or mine. But I learned long ago that you have to take the bad with the good. And that it doesn't pay to lose your temper when untruths are printed. 'Sooner or later, the truth always comes out.'"

THE END

Hollywood's Whispering: Esther And Ben

(Continued from page 45)

and business, that Ben's the big brain and she's the helpless little woman," this friend continued. "But the truth is, Esther is one of the best business women Hollywood has ever seen." And filmtown gossips say that she is making more and more of her own decisions, perhaps brushing aside Ben's opinions and showing that she doesn't have too much respect for his judgment; this, if true, would naturally deflate his ego. For, over the years, they have had a working, share-and-share-alike marriage.

But Esther and her own ego today are an item to be reckoned with. She is considered domineering around people she's worked with for years, and for that reason is becoming more and more disliked. A studio worker who has been associated with Esther on many of her pictures recently said, "She won't listen to *anybody*!"

It would probably surprise and perhaps even hurt Esther to know how disliked she is by many people who know her. Last year, the Hollywood Women's Press Club voted her the "least cooperative" actress, and this year, she has shown small improvement. Interviews are cancelled, photographic sittings changed to suit her own convenience. Sometimes she is accused of snubbing people. Her friends say, however, that this is unfair, that Esther is extremely near-sighted and cannot see any distance without her glasses—thus she sometimes fails to speak to people, and they mistakenly think she is snubbing them.

The basic problem for Esther and Ben seems to be an adjustment of egos. But even about this, Esther is objective and clear-headed, which doesn't make for warmth. In fact, some say, she is so clear-headed and cool that the real battle of their marriage is the battle of boredom. And no one has hinted that either Esther

or Ben is interested in anyone else.

Regardless of rumors, Esther and Ben go on maintaining their own family kind of life. For Christmas a year ago, for instance, they planned to go to Acapulco on a vacation with their children, Benjy and Kim. But they decided to vacation in Honolulu instead—and for a very homey and touching reason. Little Benjy's nurse, whom they had engaged when Esther was on location in Hawaii, wanted to go home for a vacation. So the Gage family went to Hawaii to insure the nurse's holiday.

On the first day of Esther's most recent picture, "Dangerous When Wet," Esther pointed to a plant in her dressing room. "Ben doesn't send me flowers any more. See, he sends me a plant that I can take home and put in our garden. That shows you how permanent our marriage is."

One constructive thing about the rumors that crop up about Esther and Ben is this: whenever the rumors start circulating the Gages seem to become more aware of their marriage, of what they have together. Esther and Ben become more determined not to let anything destroy their marriage. Esther seems genuinely hurt at the rumors, seems determined to do everything possible to refute them. At the Marion Davies party for Johnnie Ray, the Gages appeared very lovey-dovey, as if in answer to the gossips—to all the stories of strife, boredom and dissension.

A few years ago, before Esther hit stardom as she knows it today, she spoke of her marriage in these terms: "If you keep your sense of values and stability and remember what you wanted in the first place, you'll be okay . . . if you just remember the road you started on and stay on it."

Perhaps the recurrent rumors of trouble remind Esther of that road . . . and how important it is for her happiness and for Ben's not to veer off it.

THE END

Hollywood's Whispering: Troubled Twosomes

(Continued from page 47)

against his wife's. A year ago he would have been too self-conscious for such honest demonstration.

When they celebrated their sixth wedding anniversary, Jeff was in Pendleton, Oregon, making "Sioux Uprising." With two days off, he flew home to Marge to celebrate. Apparently, Jeff's home to stay.

While all of Hollywood has been discussing the Chandlers, the Tyrone Powers have been giving their intimate circle of friends a great deal to talk about. The general opinion is that Linda Christian secretly enjoys being the cause of those raised eyebrows. A true continental, with several languages at her command, Mrs. Power makes no bones about saying that Hollywood parties are, for the most part, boring.

There is every indication of the restlessness she feels and, at the Van Johnson party especially, Linda's attempt to inject a little "life" into the festivities became the talk of the town. Her conversation is startling, and the semi-nude statue she posed for that now graces her garden is still a topic for conversation. Another topic is the verbal battle between Linda and Lita Baron Calhoun. The cause of it was a shocker even to their best friends.

Yet, if Tyrone Power is aware of the all too obvious situation, if he is unhappy about it, or cares at all, not even a mind reader would know it. His eyes are always on Linda and they are adoring. He never loses his temper with her. He smiles with amused acceptance over her antics. At every party, he is always charming, gracious and subdued. When Linda wanted to act again in "The Happy Time," he voiced no objections. He worships his little daughter, Romina, and to all evidence is a happily married man.

Linda loves foreign countries and the Powers will undoubtedly divide their time between the United States and Europe now that Ty is free to make his own contractual arrangements. There are a few who believe that Linda's restless nature will end the marriage, despite Ty's present contentment. There are more who believe that her ego is riding for a fall unless she pulls a few "stoppers." In the meantime, Hollywood continues to watch—and continues to wonder.

Of all the stars, Martin and Lewis seem to have the most infallible capacity for weathering all the adversities of Hollywood. Lawsuits, studio feuds, gossip, and separation rumors seem to roll off their ex-

pensive backs. The boys come up smiling and keep everyone roaring. Both members of the tempestuous team have been occasional targets for the snipers.

Not so long ago, Dean Martin's name was whispered in connection with a young and beautiful leading lady. Soon after, his name was replaced by Jerry's. However, if there was truth behind the talk, it was never proved. Dean seems honestly happy in his marriage to blonde and beautiful Jeanne Martin. Being a consistent "relaxed" type, if there was anything wrong, Hollywood would probably be unaware of it until it reached a crisis.

While nothing seems to surprise Hollywood (even trouble in the Dean Martin household, if it ever occurred), everyone would be startled right out of their seven year contracts if anything went wrong between Jerry Lewis and his brown-eyed Patti. As much as Martin and Lewis are dependent on each other professionally, that's how much Jerry depends upon his adoring wife. Despite the rumors which have touched their doorstep, Patti (he calls her "Mommy") is actually Jerry's alter ego. It's difficult to believe there could be a Jerry Lewis without Patti there to give him love, courage, and guidance.

People do not attract that which they want, but that which they are.

BETTY HUTTON

Ingrid Bergman is perhaps the most tragic figure up for speculation in the rumor-market. Ingrid, who gave up her daughter, her home, her Hollywood career for Roberto Rossellini, has never been able successfully to avoid the spotlight. Before the birth of Isabella Fiorella and Isotta Ingrid, Ingrid was kept busy denying the stories of how difficult it was to live with Rossellini. With the arrival of the twins, she thought surely that the troublesome talk would stop. But it hasn't. Now come reports linking the names of Roberto and Anna Magnani, the fiery Italian actress who was once the great love of his life. Letters from Rome say that Ingrid is terribly hurt. It has also been said that Ingrid has been seen dining with other men. These, too, have been denied. But Hollywood still whispers—and the whispers grow louder.

THE END

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Personal

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(Continued from page 67)

"These were instilled in me," he says, "long before I was born. My mother has it right here." (He points to his heart.) "Divorce divided the family when my older brother, Walter, and I were just babies. With no help to count on, most women would have despaired. But instead of sobbing, my mother smiled.

"Mom believed then as she believes now: Good constructive thinking brings good results. Those who are deserving will receive. To be loved, one must love. To have friends, one must give friendship. During our darkest moments—and she rarely even mentions them now—her faith remained unshaken."

One amusing episode Tab remembers seems to show how well that faith could be counted on in a pinch. On this particular day, the cupboard was barren—if not bare. It was a long time before Tab's mother became a physiotherapist (she now has a successful career), and the Geliens were still living in New York City where the boys were born. Mrs. Gelien worked here, there, anywhere to support her sons.

Tab tells the story as it was told to him. "Walter was at home in our one-room basement apartment. My mother was pulling me on a sled through the snow to the grocery store. She just *knew* she'd return with enough food, even though she had less than a dollar in her purse.

"A block or so along the way, Mom looked around. No baby! She was frantic as she rushed back to where I had tumbled off. But I was having a wonderful time. I laughed up at her, and waved a pretty piece of paper I had dug out of the snow. The paper was—a five dollar bill!"

Retracing the footsteps that guided Tab Hunter to good fortune is like jostling a jigsaw puzzle into place. Tab's a little sheepish when he enumerates all the family's moves and changes.

"We moved around so often," he grins, "the postal authorities must have hated us. Mom always wanted us to have the best. So the second she saw a better chance, job-wise, she'd pack us off to some new place."

When possible, Gertrude Gelien put the boys into day school, and they would live nearby. And when she had to leave town to work, she boarded them out. Tab's grandfather, who was with the Matson line, was very concerned with his daughter's struggle to support her sons. As soon as he could—the boys were two and three then—he financed a family move from New York, first to San Francisco, later to Long Beach.

"Grandfather was just great," Tab recalls. "He paid our transportation and he made it possible for Mom to train for physiotherapy. When she became a nurse, he arranged for her to go out on ships for the Matson Line."

Eventually, Los Angeles became home base for the Geliens. Tab attended St. John's Military Academy and St. Paul's Parochial School; and in the ninth grade, he registered at Mt. Vernon Junior High. There, in a musical called "The Wedding Song," he played an eager-beaver Dutch boy in love with a giggling Dutch girl.

This would make a much better story if Tab's urge to act had been born right then and there. But it's just not so. Though he transferred to a part-time school for kids who work in the theatre, his reasons for making the move were athletic and not artistic. A love for horses and figure-skating on ice all but consumed his life. He wanted more time for both.

"When my brother first took me to the stables," Tab laughs now, "I wasn't the

least bit interested. Imagine! But then I started learning to ride jumpers, and suddenly it hit me—hard! Mom used to give me a sandwich to take to school, fifteen cents for hot soup and a dime for milk. I ate the sandwich and put the soup and milk money into a fund for renting horses.

"Poor Mom! She worried about my being undernourished. And what's worse, I wasn't any too popular with her personally. When I'd come home, she'd have to hold her nose with one hand."

When he wasn't hanging around stables, Tab was hanging around ice rinks. In the course of time, he competed in state, Pacific coast and national figure-skating contests. The speed and precision of skating fascinated him, and the feeling of freedom was a soaring challenge to his imagination. Like being in another world, he describes it. Like flying through space on your own power and heading for the moon.

From November, 1946 to November, 1947, Tab was a member of the U. S. Coast Guard. He was as tall then as he is now, and he kidded the authorities into believing he was of military age—at fifteen and a half! The less said about his skulduggery, the better. He still blushes over it—and over his summary mustering out, once the ruse was discovered.

During his period in service, Tab was stationed at a training school in Connecticut. Weekend leaves found him in New York, quartered with his best friend, Dick Clayton (he's now an agent, and—on the romantic side—a regular date of Ann Blyth's), who was then appearing in a play on Broadway.

"Tab was always starved," Dick sums it up. "The typical teen-age boy. There was never even a lemon left in the refrigerator when he went back to his base.

Back in Hollywood, when Tab received his discharge papers, the friends got together again. Tab took up where he left off at the stables and ice rinks, squeezing in these pleasures between various jobs—as a shipping clerk or a soda jerk, mowing lawns or helping out in a sheet metal works. But he was thinking seriously about his future. And acting suggested itself to him as a possibility.

Brief as his career has been, there have already been a dozen conflicting stories about how Tab Hunter got his break. Here's the way he tells it himself:

"I liked acting—what little I knew about it. To be very honest, I also knew that it paid well. And I wanted to make a lot of money so things would be easier for Mom. So I began making the rounds of the studios. But nothing happened—except that back-of-the-head bit.

"In the meantime, I was studying. Then, one day, a friend took me to a rehearsal of 'Skin of Your Teeth' at the Coronet Theatre. I never dreamed that would be an important turning point.

"That day, I met Paul Guilfoyle, who was directing the play. Later, he became a casting director, and—wonderful guy!—he remembered me. When director Stuart Heisler wanted somebody of my type to play opposite Linda Darnell in 'Island of Desire,' Paul arranged for me to meet him. I went to Mr. Heisler's house—and I was scared silly. As I left home, Mom said, 'Don't worry. You're going to get the part.' That gal and her faith!

"I walked in Mr. Heisler's door, and Steffini Nordli, who wrote the story, took one look at me and said, 'This is the boy I want.' Just like that!

"So they tested me. And after I got the part, they changed my name to Tab Hunter cause nobody could 'tab' me as anything else. I don't like it much myself, but

people who are wise in this business keep reminding me that a name is only as important as its owner makes it. And I certainly can't complain about how things have been going since people started to call me Tab."

One of the most heartwarming things that has happened to him under his new name was a gift from the readers of Photoplay—top place in the "Choose Your Star" contest. You took one look at him in "Island of Desire" and decided, in vast numbers that he was a sure bet for stardom. U-I thinks so, too. They have cast him in "Johnny Ringo"—his second film.

His first movie was filled with rewards—before, after and during the shooting. He still looks back wide-eyed on one wonderful day while it was being made.

"I had my twentieth birthday while we were in Jamacia working on the picture. And Linda Darnell gave me a party. Yes, I got another kiss. And this time I was on my own—with no cameras turning."

The company worked in Jamaica for twelve weeks, and then spent seven more in England, finishing the picture. Pinching himself black and blue in disbelief, Tab saw Paris—and vice-versa. He sailed for home from the south of France, and another one of those "good things" happened aboard ship. There was the usual pool among the passengers to guess the exact time they'd spot Ambrose Light.

"I hit it right on the nose," Tab exclaims. "The ninety bucks I won paid for my New York theatre tickets and left enough for another present for Mom. I bought her a sensational hat, one she'd never pick out for herself. She looked more glamorous than Marlene Dietrich!"

Dreams have a way with Tab—and with all his heart, he believes his will come true.

"Mom has worked so hard all her life," he says with feeling. "I'd like to take her out of hospitals forever. But I know she could never be idle, so I hope to buy her a little apartment house that she can live in and manage."

Currently, Tab and his mother share an apartment in Beverly Hills. It has one bedroom, and a pull-down bed, not quite long enough for Tab's long legs. Brother Walter is married now, and in the Navy.

Unlike the many mothers who resent losing their hold on devoted sons, Gertrude Gelien urges Tab to "watch for the right girl and settle down."

The right girl?

"Does it sound corny to say she'll have to have beauty from within?" Tab asks anxiously. "Of course, I hope she loves sports," and then Tab colors a little, "and she'll have to be cuddly."

That's all in the future, though. For the time being, Tab is turning all his tenderest emotions in another direction. Not long ago, he fell in love with a horse.

"I'd never owned a horse." (He says it as if everyone else does.) "And when I saw Out on Bail, I just had to have him. And the price was sensational—irresistible. So I didn't say anything to anyone. I just bought him."

There are some diehards, no doubt, who'd say that at this stage of the acting game, Tab can't afford to be thinking about either a horse or a wife. But now that he's managing to support the one, he's sure things will work out just as happily when the time comes to budget for the other.

And with Tab Hunter's luck—or is it courage?—or is it faith?—there's no doubt that he'll get what he wants, just exactly when he wants it. THE END

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